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**POLAND.**

**T**HE diplomatic correspondence on the Polish question will shortly enter on a second series, and it will be for Russia to determine whether continued negotiation shall be possible. The rumours of a change of policy, and of a tendency to concession, have but an apocryphal sound. It is barely possible that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF may have been misled, by the representations of the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, into a belief that the Emperor of AUSTRIA was personally inclined to a renewal of the Holy Alliance; yet the ironical tone of the despatch was little calculated to foster a nascent friendship, and the attempt to force the hand of a Foreign Minister by an appeal to the prejudices of his Sovereign is a desperate expedient of random diplomacy. Before the Russian answers were forwarded to the three Courts, precisely similar rumours announced that the Six Points and the principle of a Conference had been virtually admitted. It is scarcely probable that the resolution of Russia can have been shaken by the discovery that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's communications have been understood in the sense which they were obviously intended to convey. The only plausible mode of accounting for a change of Russian policy is supplied by the report that the King of PRUSSIA is wavering in his allegiance to his patron and ally. Perhaps even the stolidity of Berlin may have been disturbed by the possible movement of the army of Chalons across the eastern frontier of France. A pacific solution of the Polish question would leave Posen in the possession of Prussia, but it is impossible to foresee the final consequences of a war. The criminal imbecility of the BISMARCK Cabinet first raised the Polish insurrection to the rank of an international question. The Prussian Convention became the subject of diplomatic remonstrances, while it was still uncertain whether the irritation caused by the atrocities of Russian functionaries would prevail over the habitual attachment of England to neutrality and peace. The best compensation for a mischievous blunder would be found in any pressure or influence which the Prussian Government may be in a condition to exercise on the resolutions of Russia. If Prince GORTSCHAKOFF is really surprised or alarmed by the effect of his late despatches, the advice of a devoted adherent might serve as an excuse for a return to a more conciliatory policy; and thus it is possible that Prussia may, for the moment, be more useful as an ostensible opponent than as a deferential ally. An accomplice, partially admitted to the councils of Europe, might be employed to deprecate inconvenient demands, and to suggest alternative proposals which Russia had already regarded as admissible.

The form of negotiation which has been adopted by the three Powers will probably be retained in future communications. Separate notes, previously compared and arranged, are in some respects more convenient than collective or identical despatches. Some arguments, which may be forcibly urged by one or two of the Powers, might be diluted by the compromises which would necessarily precede a common signature. France, laying little stress on the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna, may be disposed to show the iron hand, while England still keeps it covered with the silken glove. The Western Powers are not exposed to the danger which Austria may seriously apprehend from the vicinity of the Polish insurrection; and it is desirable to allow Prince GORTSCHAKOFF the opportunity of yielding, if he finds it expedient, to the urgency of a neighbouring Government which he has already invited to discuss the condition of Poland. In substance, all the replies to the Russian despatches will be equally firm and distinct. Those who hold that the commencement of the negotiation was officious and imprudent must nevertheless admit the necessity of repelling the slight which has been offered to England by the Russian Minister; and the more important object of maintaining the

peace of Europe will be most effectually promoted by a resolute policy. It is, for obvious reasons, desirable to avoid a separate declaration of war by France; and it would be an act of inexcusable levity to discourage the unexpected energy and good faith of Austria. If hostile measures ultimately prove unavoidable, the co-operation of the Austrian army with the Poles would be the easiest and most economical method of supporting the insurrection. France would exact higher pay for a service which would require more formidable efforts. Austria, on the other hand, could be trusted to aid in repressing the preponderance of Russia, without attempting or permitting the dismemberment of Germany. Anxiety for the Rhine provinces, perhaps, explains the sudden wish of the revolutionary party in Prussia to secure a common understanding with Austria, even at the cost of apparent disregard of Russian dictation. It is the business of England to strengthen Austrian policy as long as it is vigorous and sincere, although there is at present no reason to suspect the good faith or moderation of France. If Mr. HORSMAN's interpretation of Lord RUSSELL's language had been left without contradiction, Russia, Austria, and France would have been justifiably indifferent to English recommendations, which were in no possible contingency to be supported by force. The right of adjusting the affairs of Europe is not to be acquired or maintained without sacrifice and danger. If the English Government takes a hand in the diplomatic game, it must deposit an equal stake with its partners and with its adversary.

The Secret Committee of Government in Warsaw has, perhaps by the desire of the French Government, taken a step towards the possible negotiation of an armistice. Prince LADISLAUS CZARTORISKI—designated, with ill-timed perversity, as Citizen CZARTORISKI—is authorised to act for the Polish Government in communications with Foreign Powers. Although anonymous credentials would be invalid even for the representative of an organized and recognised Power, some difficulties may be removed by the informal nomination of a diplomatic agent who is entitled to personal respect. The insurgents will be bound in honour to redeem the pledges which Prince CZARTORISKI may give on their behalf, through France, to the allied Governments; and although Prince GORTSCHAKOFF cannot be expected to acknowledge the Polish agent, it will not be impossible to accept the security of France for the performance of the engagements of the Poles. The chief significance of the appointment is, however, derived from the probable indication which it affords of an understanding between political personages in France and the National or Secret Government. The renewed activity of the insurrection may perhaps also be partially a result of French encouragement, although it has been abundantly provoked by the extravagant cruelties of the Russian generals and of the Imperial Government. It is said that, within a short time, no less than twenty-two battles have been fought in the Polish provinces, in addition to minor numerous combats and skirmishes. If newspaper reports may be trusted, the victory has, in the majority of cases, rested with the Poles; and it is certain that the Russian troops are more fully employed than at any former period since the commencement of the insurrection.

The despatches which are exchanged between Russia and the three Powers are but the technical pleadings in which diplomatists conventionally express or conceal the claims and grievances of their clients. England is moved with indignation, and France is clamorous for war, not because the Treaty of Vienna has been infringed, but because ALEXANDER II. and his civil and military servants have continued and aggravated the policy of national extermination which was avowed by NICHOLAS. The language of the present EMPEROR towards Poland has uniformly displayed the insolence of a despot who, perhaps, thought that he might be suspected of dangerous

lenity and weakness. A Polish writer, General RYBINSKI, has collected in a recent pamphlet some of the allocutions which the EMPEROR thought fit to address to the Poles, long before the insurrection was prepared. In 1856, he told the nobility and clergy of the Kingdom to abandon illusions, and to make up their minds to the permanent fusion of Poland with the holy Empire of Russia. About the same time, he informed the nobles that all that his father had done was well done, and that his own reign should be a mere prolongation of the infamous tyranny of NICHOLAS. In 1859, he assured the nobles of Podolia that they were Russians on Russian soil, and that he desired to have nothing in common with Poland. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF expressed the same feeling more plainly when he announced that Russia, in case of resistance, would leave nothing but corpses and ashes in Poland. The EMPEROR and his Ministers cannot be accused of the weakness in action which sometimes accompanies extravagant menaces. The intolerable cruelties of MOURAVIEFF and BERG are deliberately applied to the purpose of effacing the Polish name and language from at least the greater part of the area which once formed the Kingdom of Poland. The revolutionary alliance between the Russian authorities and the socialist peasantry is perhaps the most unpardonable crime which has been committed in modern times against property, justice, and order. The doctrines of BARRES and of BLANQUET, when they are practised by an orthodox despot, form too intolerable an insult to the conscience of mankind. Even if Prince GORTSCHAKOFF were justified in the supercilious assertion that the provinces acquired by the partition are really Russian, the massacre and plunder of the upper classes, with the aid of the rabble, would still remain unpardonable. The same provinces were declared by ALEXANDER I., and by all his Ministers at Vienna, to be undeniably Polish. Russia is not entitled to play fast and loose with a national existence, as a conspiracy against Europe or a plot for the annihilation of Poland may alternately suit her immediate policy.

#### MR. COBDEN ON THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.

MR. COBDEN cannot speak on any American subject without letting feeling mingle with his argument, and striving to kindle in his hearers that sentiment of warm neutrality towards the Federal Government which shelters a passionate admiration for democracy under the veil of a cool and indifferent policy. His friends at Liverpool are also very indistinct in their conceptions of the existing law, and in their hints of the improvements that might be made. But, up to a certain point, he and they are quite right in the way in which they regard the fitting out of ships of war, in English ports, for the service of the Confederates. No one can doubt that a precedent has been set which is a very bad one for England. Before this year, it was quite doubtful what a ship-builder might do. It was supposed that, in some unknown way, and at some unknown point in the period of building, the Government could interfere. We had remonstrated against ships being fitted out in American ports during the Crimean war, and some attention had been paid to our complaints—not nearly so much attention as Mr. COBDEN represents, for an American vessel, at the time of the conclusion of peace, was actually on its way to Petropaulowski; but still, in one instance at least, a vessel had been detained at New York, at the request of the British Minister, until her character had been ascertained. It was reasonable, therefore, to suppose that we should do as we had asked to be done by, and that the English Government would throw every obstacle in the way of ship-building here for the Confederates. Historians also knew that the express object of the promoters of the Foreign Enlistment Act was to stop assistance of that sort being rendered to a belligerent. When, in 1823, Lord ALTHORPE moved the repeal of the Act, CANNING expressly urged that this use of English ports must lead to war, and he uttered a fervent protest against war being suffered to come “in the paltry, pettifogging way of fitting out ships in our ‘harbours to cruise for gain.’” He also reminded the House that England had complained to France, during the Presidency of WASHINGTON, that French ships were allowed to fit out and arm, in American ports, for the purpose of attacking British vessels, and that we then stated this to be a direct violation of international law. The Government of WASHINGTON instantly assented to this doctrine; and thus there is very fair ground for saying that the Foreign Enlistment Act was only a means by which England enabled herself to discharge a duty which she acknowledged under international law. It is, therefore, to the regret and surprise of most

Englishmen that the Government has now, when the hour of trial has come, declared itself to be practically unable to prevent ships of war being built in English ports for the benefit of a belligerent. No wonder the shipowners of Liverpool are alarmed. England is scarcely ever at peace, and any war will suffice for an occasion of damaging her mercantile marine. We do not know why cruisers should not be started in New York or Boston to help the Tycoon and avenge at once the Japanese nobility and the American democracy. It is an exceedingly serious thing that we should have to face this danger, and to retreat from a doctrine of international law we ourselves have set up, and to proclaim that an Act passed under the auspices of CANNING, to effect this very object of preventing belligerent ships being built in England, has entirely failed. We are not much alarmed at the immediate war with America which Mr. COBDEN holds before us if the two sister vessels of the *Alabama* now said to be building are suffered to go to sea. Everything we do, right or wrong, is so misrepresented in America—we give so much offence, however we behave—that we can only come to the conclusion that the Federal Government will pick a quarrel with us whenever war promises to be an advantageous speculation, but not before. But that wars will arise from the precedent now set in England is as certain as anything human can be; and, even before we go to the length of war, we shall have to undergo much anxiety and humiliation, and shall encounter a heavy pecuniary loss. Therefore, if any feasible way could now be found of stopping these ships, we should be rejoiced at the discovery, just as we should have been very glad if the existing law had provided any adequate machinery by which what has happened could have been avoided.

But law is law, and, when administered by a real judge charging a real jury, it is a very different thing from what it seems to nervous Liverpool shipowners. Mr. COBDEN, very characteristically, omitted to notice that the detention on suspicion, which is his great engine of repression, was exactly the method adopted by the Government in the case of the *Alexandra*. After many weeks, during which the owners of the vessel were precluded from knowing the case against them, and also lost the use of their property, the Government offered to prove to the satisfaction of a jury that the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act had been violated. They entirely failed. They proved that a vessel, probably intended for the Confederate service, had been built in England; but the Act does not forbid this. What it forbids is the fitting out for war, in an English port, a vessel when built; and the *Alexandra* had not received any war fittings. It is obvious that the distinction between building and fitting-out destroys the efficacy of the Act, for the fittings may be sent out in another ship, to join the ship of war directly she is out of English waters. But still a Court can only look to the words of the Act itself, and the Act does not forbid what was done in the case of the *Alexandra*; and it must be remembered that, in holding this, the presiding judge was fortified by more than one decision of an American tribunal. The issue of this trial also showed that the English Government cannot venture to detain vessels except on proof of illegality sufficient to make a conviction probable; and the difficulty of getting this proof will henceforth lie in this—that, in order to violate the Act, it must be intended to fit out the ship for war in England, and this will be the very thing that is not intended. Therefore, without an alteration of the Act, there is no hope that vessels like the *Alabama* can be detained. Mr. COBDEN accordingly asked the Government to propose an alteration which would effect what was desired. The answer of Lord PALMERSTON, that this would be to make a change in our law at the bidding of a foreign Power, appears irrelevant, for the change would be made for the interests of England, and to carry out the objects aimed at by those who passed the Act. But when we begin to ask what change would effect the desired end, we see the real difficulties Parliament would have to encounter in amending the Act. Mr. COBDEN would apparently like it to be enacted, first, that to build a ship intended for a belligerent should subject the builder to a penalty, and the ship to confiscation; secondly, that every ship, before sailing, should be obliged to prove its real destination; and, thirdly, that the Government might, without offering any reason, seize and detain any ship whatever, and yet incur no liability for compensation in case the purpose of the ship was an innocent one. He does not ask this in so many words, but any one who thinks over what he indirectly requires will, we believe, come to the conclusion that nothing less would fulfil the object he has in view. As war is always going on in some part of the world, the enforcement of these



provisions must be perpetual, or else we should incur the reproach of putting these restrictions in force at the bidding only of strong Powers. Almost every ship that goes to sea at all is capable of being converted, for certain purposes, into a ship of war; and therefore every ship would need to be watched, and would be liable to be detained. The remedy would be worse than the disease, and ship-builders would suffer more from this terrible and constant interference than from the evils consequent on neutral maritime nations selling ships of war to our enemies.

It was very natural to suppose that a clear line could be drawn between ships and other munitions of war; for there is a practical distinction, and it is often much more adverse to a belligerent that his enemy should be supplied with ships than with any amount of guns and gunpowder. In the Crimean war, for example, we should have suffered much more if Russia could have suddenly scattered privateers over the Indian and Atlantic Oceans than if she could have doubled the artillery of Sebastopol. But when the distinction is attempted to be put into legal language, or when a set of circumstances arises to make a new equity as to the two kinds of supply arise in the popular mind, the distinction begins to seem faint, and even unfounded. Mr. COBDEN — with a view of law which is, perhaps, a little too American for this country — says that the efficacy of any Act that might be passed must depend on public opinion, and that the great thing is to put public opinion right on the subject. At present he owns that public opinion is not so zealous in favour of stopping Confederate cruisers as could be wished. The fact is, that the British public, looking to the facts of this particular contest, thinks that it is scarcely fair to stop these vessels. The Federals import every munition of war, except ships, in large quantities and without the slightest hindrance. Their Government, it cannot be doubted, if the letters published by Mr. LAIRD are genuine, was willing at one time to buy ships of war here too. If notoriety is to be taken as evidence of a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act, notoriety says very positively that the Federals have for a long time been violating it by recruiting in Ireland. Therefore, it seems to the non-legal mind very tolerably fair that the Confederates should get a few ships here. And to the legal mind it appears certain that this cannot be prevented at all by the law as it now stands, and could only be prevented by the enactment of provisions which would place the construction of every British ship under the supervision of the police. The result is very much to be regretted, but we do not see how it is to be avoided. We shall have to withdraw our pretension that the furnishing of ships of war to a belligerent by the subjects of a neutral is a breach of neutrality; and we shall have to own that we do this because we have thought much more carefully than formerly over all the inconveniences to ourselves which this doctrine involves, and have decided, purely as a matter of expediency, that it is better to take the risk of injury during war to our mercantile marine than to undergo the annoyance of endless Government interference in time of peace.

#### SIR CHARLES WOOD.

WHEN the Indian Government was being recast in the year 1858, various prophecies were hazarded on both sides, touching the future operation of the new scheme, which their authors would now find it convenient to forget. Among them was the confident prediction that, when India was once placed formally under the English Crown, the House of Commons would take a much closer interest in Indian affairs than heretofore. Such expectations argued a strange ignorance of the grounds upon which that impulsive body measures out the attention which it vouchsafes to the subjects before it. The abolition of the Company had no power of changing either the tastes of a member of Parliament or the character of an Indian debate. Indian questions must always, from their nature, be richly endowed with that centrifugal force which scatters Parliamentary atoms abroad into the infinite space of the West End. In the first place, they are never followed by a division; and members who have taken the trouble to stay in the House all night, or to come back late after their dinner, like to have their industry rewarded by some record which their local newspaper can quote for the enlightenment of their constituents. Then the Indian names are an intolerable perplexity. A country gentleman cannot get out of his head that a ryot is something that he ought to suppress; and though he may give an intellectual assent to the fact that a ryot is a sort of a peasant, his sympathies towards the unhappy bearer of so ominous a name are inevitably chilled. Then the various tenures of land in India can be nothing else but a hopeless

mystification to a man who has been brought up in strict devotion to the English system of a landlord in fee with a retinue of tenants, and in his heart believes that the crust of the earth was chiefly created by PROVIDENCE for the purpose of exemplifying it. And, beyond all these disadvantages, there is that inscrutable law of nature which decrees that every one who talks on Indian affairs, and knows what he is talking about, shall be profoundly and irretrievably dull. These things are quite enough to decide the House of Commons. Members submit to a certain number of Indian debates during the Session, as decent forms which are entailed by the possession of an extensive empire. But they are forms which, if India were twice its present size, no consideration could render endurable to those who are not officially bound to go through them. The conduct of these gloomy pageants is the appointed function of the SPEAKER, and the Clerk at the table, and the Minister who receives five thousand a year for being bored. And to these functionaries, accordingly, plus a limited number of gentlemen who are incommoded by an embryo speech of which they desire to be delivered, the task of representing the House of Commons upon these occasions is abandoned.

The check, therefore, of the House of Commons upon matters relating to India is a bugbear with which the SECRETARY of STATE has no need to frighten himself. For all practical purposes, his power is uncontrolled; and, in theory at least, his words are law to the rulers of India. The natives have no channel by which any remonstrance can be made audible. The white population of the country do not, indeed, labour under any difficulty of that kind. They have learnt and practised the art of making themselves heard, with only too much success. A complaint from English residents in the Indian capital is as the cry of wolf; it is dismissed at once from the mind of an English politician as an ordinary "Calcutta lie." The Indian Council, whose constitution cost the House of Commons so much laborious controversy, is only a machinery for soiling white paper with elaborate protests which it is nobody's business to read. Any student of Blue-books who should stray into them by chance will be speedily brought up by a quickset hedge of Indian terminology which will effectually abate his zeal. There is nothing to check the SECRETARY of STATE except an Indian official's unlimited powers of procrastination. Save for this salutary counterpoise, he is despotic. Unfortunately, he is, by a necessary law, exactly the last Minister to whom such powers ought to be confided. The Indian Office, whether in its old or its present shape, gives no great scope for Parliamentary distinction. It is not, therefore, a position which a man who desires to rise will willingly accept. On the other hand, it is not an office upon which a Prime Minister will care to waste any one whose cleverness in debating or administrative power might reflect credit upon his Ministry if exhibited in a more conspicuous department. The result is, that the Indian Office has been more often given to satisfy long-standing claims than to provide employment for genuine capacity. Something must be done for a man who has voted true, and spoken when he was wanted, and canvassed disagreeable constituencies, for a long series of years; and the reward can be given at the expense of India with less danger of discredit than in any other way. But, of course, there is a small body of persons to whom such an arrangement is anything but satisfactory. The old Indians and the India merchants cannot endure it. Their personal feelings even exaggerate the evil that it does them. Men whose interest has been confined to the affairs of a limited community for the greater part of their lives necessarily give to it a disproportionate importance. What may be called the Indian public is not free from this besetting sin. They are irritated beyond measure at seeing that anybody is thought good enough for them; and, more on account of this personal grievance than from any substantial grounds of discontent, they and the Indian Minister are generally at loggerheads. The public has become familiarized with the spectacle of a chronic conflict, surviving alike the vicissitudes of politics and the lapse of generations, between the Indian Minister and those who are authorities upon Indian affairs; and it has come to set it down as only one more added to the mass of inscrutable mysteries by which everything Indian is surrounded.

This is not the only explanation of the position which Sir CHARLES WOOD has occupied for some time past. He is very laborious, and spares no efforts to do his duty; and he is very fairly endowed with that capacity for business which makes a good permanent head of a department. If his lot had been cast in Paris instead of London, he would probably have made a very valuable Minister. But he is wholly devoid of the ability which is required for Parliamentary conflict. His

speeches are dull and long, ill-arranged and ill-delivered. Unhappily, he is not content that they should be negatively bad. He has an idea that some play of fancy, some coruscations of wit, are necessary to decorate and relieve the monotonous statements of facts which it is his duty to deliver. He knows that Indian discussions are apt to be rather tedious, and therefore he charitably strives to enliven them by touches of humour and playful repartee. The effort is the more to be commended that it is a triumph over adverse nature, and, as is usual in such cases, the defeat of nature is not quite complete. The humour bears the marks of its artificial production, and is not a cheerful kind of humour at all, but has a grim, dried-up, dusty look about it. It is, no doubt, meant to be gracious and affable, and to emulate the reputation of the statesman who was said to be able to make more friends in refusing favours than other men could make in granting them. But, unhappily, its effect is precisely of an opposite character. The gravamen of almost all the complaints which have been uttered so freely against Sir C. Wood during the last eighteen months is his flippancy of manner. There have been differences of opinion as to the merits of his policy in reference to Lord CANNING'S Waste Land measures; but in reference to a matter so disputable these would hardly have excited the strong personal feeling which has been visible in every statement of Indian grievances. Mr. BRIGHT went so far as to do what is rarely done in the House of Commons—to complain in set terms of the manner in which he had received manufacturing deputations. His faithful UNDER-SECRETARY denied the charge promptly, and probably with perfect sincerity. Flippancy only means banter which the bantered is in no humour to submit to from the banterer. If Sir CHARLES WOOD had been a more distinguished man, the deputations would probably have dwelt with raptures on his good-natured affability. If Lord PALMERSTON had been less eminent, he could not have ventured to hazard those jokes about "Leith" and "Leth," or about the Gaiter Club. But it requires a considerable reputation to qualify a man to make jokes to deputations. Sir CHARLES WOOD'S political position is very far below joke point; and if he would have his Indian proceedings pass unquestioned he ought to be as dry as Mr. FREDERICK PEEL. What lies at the root of his unpopularity is the conviction that he is thoroughly unequal to the dignity and importance of the post he occupies. When such a conviction is general, especially when it has not taken the shape of any special imputation, or levelled itself at any particular acts, it is very apt to find expression in criticism upon manner. But if the flippancy were not there to be taken hold of, his Indian opponents might find it difficult to put their general objection to being governed by a politician of the third class into any distinct and intelligible form.

#### AMERICA.

THE ignorant and implacable animosity of the Northern Americans to England furnishes no excuse for corresponding injustice, or for misrepresentation of current history. The recent victories have occasioned, as might have been expected, a recrudescence of calumny and malignity; but nevertheless they are great, if not decisive victories. General LEE has recrossed the Potomac; Vicksburg and Port Hudson have surrendered unconditionally; Charleston is in danger of capture; and General ROSENCRANZ has advanced into the heart of the Southern States. If the war were commencing, all the advantages which have accrued to the Federal armies might probably be reversed; but the significance of the recent successes consists in the proof that the Confederates are comparatively weak in numbers. Their wonderful energy and unanimous devotion to the national cause had almost taught bystanders to forget that four millions were engaged in a desperate contest with twenty millions. The inability of JOHNSTONE to relieve Vicksburg showed that his department was almost denuded of troops; and the Confederates have since lost, at Gettysburg, at Vicksburg, and at Port Hudson, forty or fifty thousand trained soldiers. The continuance of the war has taught the Northern armies to fight, and a gradual process of elimination has brought forward more than one competent general. The rapid advance to Vicksburg, and the obstinate prosecution of the siege, prove GRANT to be an able soldier. General ROSENCRANZ seems to deserve the confidence of his troops; and General MEADE is the first Federal General who has encountered LEE on equal terms without incurring disaster. If the occupation of the strongholds on the Mississippi cuts off the communication of the Confederacy with Texas and Arkansas, the proportions of the war will henceforth

be largely curtailed. The possible capture of Charleston would relieve the blockading squadrons of a troublesome duty, and it would at the same time close to the Confederates one of their principal channels of supply. It remains to be seen whether Southern resolution will yield to accumulated misfortunes so far as to accept any terms of peace which involve a return to the Union. The proposed mission of Mr. STEPHENS, if it had any object beyond a negotiation on the treatment of prisoners, would indicate a disposition to negotiate; but the temper of the North is not at present favourable to any moderate arrangement. It is possible that General LEE'S advance into Pennsylvania may have been a final effort to conquer an advantageous peace before the impending fall of Vicksburg revived Federal confidence; and Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS might, perhaps, now be willing to accept fair conditions, while his Virginian army is still entire and formidable.

Notwithstanding the triumphs of the Northern arms, the maintenance of the war on its present scale depends entirely on the success of the conscription. Unless 300,000 men can be procured to fill up the ranks of the army, the South may once more find it possible to continue the contest with equal numbers. It is difficult to judge of the effect of the New York riots, which may either render the conscription impracticable or rally the enemies of mob-rule and disorder to its support. The outbreak was attended with all the melancholy circumstances which everywhere denote the ill-omened supremacy of the rabble. The mere opponents of the conscription found themselves reinforced by the malcontents who object to the institution of property, and by the thieves who only make it their business partially to correct its unequal distribution. The draft raised a dangerous question of socialist policy, by providing for the personal exemption of those who could pay three hundred dollars for a substitute. It was easy for demagogues to persuade the lowest classes that the law had provided a special privilege for those who, according to the American doctrine, are not to be called their betters. One of the rioters wrote to a newspaper to complain that the poor rabble were oppressed by the rich rabble, and it was useless to explain that the right of purchasing a substitute is strictly analogous to the right of purchasing any other commodity which its owner is willing to exchange for money. It would be grossly unjust to fix the price of exemption below the sum for which the services of a competent volunteer can be secured; but if, on the other hand, a fit substitute is willing to take the place of a wealthy tradesman, the community would gain nothing by prohibiting the bargain. Unfortunately, the mob of New York is familiar with revolutionary theories, which are everywhere directed against property when there is no political inequality to attack. The Democrats, though they assume the title of Conservatives, have always allied themselves with the rabble of the city; and consequently they have found it convenient to flatter the vulgar prejudices against social distinctions.

It happens that the Act which sanctions the conscription is itself of doubtful validity. By the Constitution, the PRESIDENT has the right to demand the aid of the militia, which nevertheless derives its commission from the authority of the several States; and it is argued that the specific power conferred on the Federal Government excludes the presumption that it possesses any other right to enforce military service on the citizens of the Union. The Act of Congress, though it may be the proper mode of exercising a right vested in the Federal Government, can have no validity if it exceeds the provisions of the Constitution. The Supreme Court alone can decide on the constitutional character of the Act; and, in the meantime, it is highly inconvenient that the question should be litigated by the conflagration of public buildings and the murder of police officers. Governor SEYMOUR, who seems to hold that the conscription is illegal, endeavoured in vain to persuade the populace into provisional acquiescence in the measure. He was perhaps justified by necessity in obtaining authority from Washington to suspend the draft; but it is not surprising that his enemies should suspect him of complicity with a movement which was probably organized by some of the subordinate agents of his party. The rioters placed their own interpretation on the legal scruples of the Government, and it was sufficient for their purpose to procure the admission that the conscription was possibly irregular. Their own objection was not founded on any interpretation of the Federal Constitution, but on the supposed injustice and inequality of the permission to pay for substitutes; and having compelled the local Government to submit to their dictation, they will be more than ever determined to enforce the supremacy which General BUTLER and politicians of his stamp are accustomed to claim for the poor over the rich. It remains to be seen whether painful



experience of mob-rule will induce the respectable classes to combine for the vindication of order. Beyond the limits of the great cities, genuine Americans are reasonably proud of the national reverence for law.

The mob behaved, as mobs behave in all parts of the world, with the wisdom and conduct of wild beasts escaped from their cages. They burned offices, they plundered stores, they hung an obnoxious colonel to a lamp-post, and they took especial delight in hunting down unoffending negroes who had the misfortune of showing themselves in the streets. The coloured race is guilty of having been used by politicians as a pretext for the war; and it is more directly obnoxious to the working classes, because its competition in the humbler forms of employment sometimes tends to reduce the rate of wages. Archbishop HUGHES, who ought to be acquainted with his countrymen and co-religionists, assumed, probably on sufficient grounds, that the Irish had taken a prominent part in the riots. Nothing could be more characteristic than the arguments which he addressed to an abnormal condition of understanding and of feeling. As his audience had been engaged in murdering unoffending negroes and in resisting the execution of Federal laws, the ARCHBISHOP entertained them with a disquisition on the iniquities of England, while he carefully abstained from the unpopular topic of any immunities from slaughter which might be claimed for the coloured population by enthusiastic advocates. If the ARCHBISHOP had been a Republican Abolitionist instead of a Democrat, he could not have appealed more confidently to the hatred of England which is the common property of all American or semi-American demagogues. There can be no doubt that, in common with all but the lowest class of the community, he desired to put a stop to the disturbances, and perhaps he took the readiest course to obtain a favourable hearing. The commotion was, however, too serious to be ended by persuasion, and happily, in the long run, military force is almost always available in defence of property. The security of New York from plunder and anarchy will probably be increased by the forcible suppression of the riots, but it is still uncertain whether the conscription can be continued. The Republicans rightly protest against submission to lawless violence; but the Supreme Court may, perhaps, ultimately decide that the first breach of law was committed by the Government. In the mean time, it will be difficult to enforce the draft in opposition to the Democrats and to the working classes.

#### THE LITTLE PANIC.

THE excitement which has recently prevailed among the motley collection of keen men of business, shrewd political prophets, and reckless gamblers who make up what is called the Money Market, may be sufficiently accounted for on so many different theories that it seems difficult, at first sight, to determine how far the cause is political, and to what extent the symptoms must be taken to indicate financial or commercial weakness. About ten days or a fortnight ago, the account which any impartial observer would have given of the Money Market would have been the reverse of alarming. Upon the whole, the year had been marked by unusual steadiness. The rate of discount had been varied occasionally, but the result was to maintain it at a moderate standard. The Bank store of bullion had also been ample, and for a long time had undergone no serious fluctuations. That there was no stagnation was sufficiently proved by the creation of an enormous number of new companies, while, at the same time, the apprehension of any consequent collapse had not yet been justified by any signs of alarm or weakness. Consols, though not high, commanded a respectable price in the face of all the counter attractions of more remunerative though less secure investments. Taken altogether, the aspect of affairs was tranquil enough, the trade of the country was more flourishing than could have been expected in the midst of a deadly war between two sections of our best customers, and any approach to panic prices was the very last thing that was looked for.

A very great change has occurred since then. With that troublesome solidarity of feeling which so often combines the holders of speculative stocks in a common action, it has suddenly entered into the heads of a great multitude of people that it is advisable to sell at any price that can be got; and the consequence is, that almost every kind of foreign security, and not a few of our more fluctuating home investments, may now be purchased at something like ten per cent. below the price which they commanded at the beginning of the month. It is natural enough that people should ask what all this means, and it would be easy to answer them if it were

known to what precise class the sellers belong. Are we to take the half-panic that has prevailed as the expression of opinion by perhaps the shrewdest men in the world that bad times are coming, and that those who hold the fewest hazardous investments will come best out of the trouble? If so, is it war, or a financial crisis, or both, that is supposed to be looming in the distance? Or, again, to take another hypothesis, is the sudden collapse of prices a sign that the small fry of the market have got into waters too deep for them, and are hastily receding from their ventures from sheer inability to continue the game? Or, lastly, has there been any such over-speculation as to threaten one of those terrible crises which periodically overtake us as hurricanes visit West Indian settlements? It is never very safe to make confident guesses as to the meaning of such signs as have lately appeared, but it is so far satisfactory to be able to see many very excellent reasons for rejecting the more alarming interpretations. A comparison of the prices of different classes of securities is quite enough to show that the exhaustion of resources consequent on excessive speculation is not at present among the most important influences at work. A certain number of gamblers no doubt have arrived at the end of their means, for nothing but the necessity of selling would account for some of the recent fluctuations, but as yet there is not a trace of any general scarcity of money. The Bank cellar keeps full, the rate of discount continues moderate, and as fast as Consols are set free by speculative holders, they are steadily absorbed by purchasers for investment. The consequence is, that in the midst of general excitement, the choice security of all has fluctuated only within narrow limits, and is now within a minute fraction of the quotation which was given before the little panic was announced. Then, again, although it is true that the aggregate capital of this year's new companies is nominally enough to absorb the savings of two or three years, it is certain that not more than a very small proportion of the amount is likely to be paid or called for within the year, or perhaps at all. Any alarm, therefore, on this ground seems altogether premature, and we must look elsewhere for the explanation of the phenomena, which, if we mistake not, the test of figures is quite sufficient to disclose.

The comparative depreciation of the securities which have suffered most is very instructive. First in the list, as might well be expected, comes the Confederate Loan. The first announcement of the fall of Vicksburg and the fighting at Gettysburg did not bring it lower than about 4 discount; but after the unfavourable news which has since arrived as to the prospects of the South, it fell as low as 17 discount, and sales are said to have been made at a still lower price. Singularly enough, the price of cotton has risen at the same time; and the inference is that, in the opinion of the London and Liverpool men of business, it will be long before the Confederates will be in a position to deliver cotton, and equally long before the Federals will have sufficiently established themselves by conquest to enable them to export the great staple of the South. The two facts together point to the same conclusion which the history of the struggle suggests to unbiassed spectators—that there is no prospect of an early return of America to the quiet pursuits of agriculture and commerce. Clearly, however, a security of so peculiar a kind as the Confederate Loan must be put out of consideration in forecasting the position of affairs in England. Next in order among the disabled securities comes a group of stocks which have little or nothing in common, except that they all have long ranked among the most hazardous even of foreign investments. Greek Bonds, Mexican Bonds, Spanish Passives, Turkish Consolides, and other curiosities of that description, may be had at prices varying from five to twelve per cent. below those at which they were purchased a very short time since; and it is well known that these have been the favourite subjects for the operations of the minor outside gamblers who dabble on the Stock Exchange. That this class has been the most active in intensifying the late depression is curiously proved by an anomaly which is not at first sight very intelligible. Greek coupons have actually fallen in value twenty per cent., while the bonds have dropped no more than twelve per cent on their former prices. Why any doubt as to the integrity of the resuscitated Greek nation should fasten itself on one form of security rather than on another is not quite intelligible; but an explanation has been offered which is plausible in itself, and which, if true, throws a good deal of light on recent transactions. It is said that, either in consequence of their less convenient form for large dealings or from some similar reason, the coupons, as a rule, got into the hands of small men,

while the bonds were held to a great extent by more substantial operators. Hence, at the first sign of reaction, the coupons are first forced into the market, because those who have speculated in them are unable to tide over a season of depression. All these circumstances give colour to the opinion very generally entertained, that the panic in foreign stocks is mainly confined to a class of holders who are not likely, either by their prosperity or their reverses, to exercise any serious influence on the course of the market. But there is something more than this in operation, as is sufficiently indicated by the fall in French Rentes. The Three per Cents. have varied in price during the fortnight from nearly 69 down to 67, and among the most energetic operators on the Bourse is found the *Crédit Mobilier*, which, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to have access to the best political information. Much of the disturbance experienced both in Paris and London has undoubtedly been due to the anxiety occasioned by the negotiations on Poland. Each stage in diplomacy, as it was revealed, and every fresh discussion in Parliament, was reflected in the market; and the tendency to recovery shown towards the end of this week was probably attributable to the opinion which has been gaining ground, that the firmness of Austria in resisting the seductions of the Czar may be the means of moderating the arrogance of Russia, and averting the calamity of a European war. The decided disinclination to be drawn into hostilities which has been generally manifested in this country is a security against any war that it is possible to avoid, and Russia has probably learned by experience not to try our patience too severely. The failure of the attempt to detach Austria from the European combination may not unreasonably be expected to lead to a more conciliatory tone. Such, at any rate, seems to be the view which is suggested by the course of the Money Market, and the sagacious philosophers who have been pictured as vultures hovering over a troubled world appear disposed just now to give us a gleam of hope. Upon the whole, it may be said that the approach to panic during the last fortnight has been simply an expression of the grave complications of European diplomacy, intensified by the fears and the necessities of the smaller gamblers who surround the Stock Exchange. If it were not for the tendency of any disturbance, however provoked, to become more serious as its duration is prolonged, there would be nothing in the condition of the market to add to the uneasiness which cannot be expected altogether to cease until some settlement shall have been effected of the Polish question.

#### THE RUSSIAN DESPATCHES.

IF the wishes of all good men, and the anxious hopes of all prudent men, are disappointed by the outbreak of a great European war, the author of the Russian despatches will bear no small portion of the blame. It may, perhaps, hereafter be alleged, in excuse of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's ill-timed sarcasms, that he was already aware, through secret information, that the French Government had determined on a rupture; but war, like other catastrophes, can never be regarded as inevitable until it has actually occurred. Wise statesmen, even when they anticipate immediate failure, pursue their object as cautiously and as steadily as if they were certain of success; and, in expectation of a dangerous rupture, it is useless to precipitate the crisis by an unnecessary challenge. In addressing the French Government, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF knows that he is really speaking to the nation, which is already unanimous in its sympathy with the Polish insurrection. If it were possible to suppose that Russia desired a war in which there is nothing to gain, Homeric taunts to an adversary are, in modern times, obsolete as preliminaries of a combat. A simple refusal to negotiate with the Western Powers would have been equally intelligible, and more dignified, because it would have been less offensive. It is obvious, however, that the Russian Government would view with just alarm the presence of a French army in Poland, and, until war is declared, the policy of the Emperor NAPOLEON is necessarily subject to modification. Even if France were, in the last resort, prepared to act alone, no effort would be previously spared to obtain the co-operation of England and of Austria; and it might have been expected that all the skill of Russian diplomacy would have been exerted to satisfy the Powers which were notoriously averse to war. It was nothing to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF that the logical position assumed by Lord RUSSELL might be more or less untenable. It would have been more to the purpose to dissolve a nascent coalition of enemies than to seek a controversial triumph over a disputant who was as yet scarcely an opponent. With the instinctive acute-

ness of an angry woman rather than of a statesman, the VICE-CHANCELLOR has contrived to address each of the three Governments in the language which is most irritating in its plausibility and its partial admixture of truth. England is reminded that her interference is officious; the Emperor of the FRENCH is told that Paris is the head-quarters of revolution; and the despatch to Vienna maliciously assumes that Austria is not in earnest in the cause of Poland. The effect of Russian diplomacy is seen in Count RECHBERG's despatch, in the language of the French newspapers, and, above all, in the sudden change of tone in the last Parliamentary debates on Poland.

In April last, the Russian Government professed willingness to enter on a process which is defined as an exchange of ideas within the limits and on the base of the Treaty of Vienna. Lord RUSSELL consequently proposed certain concessions to Poland, since known as the Six Points, and he further recommended that the application of the six articles should be considered by a Conference of the Powers which executed the Treaty. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF replies that, as the six points embody the views of the English Government, the exchange of ideas has now been accomplished. To some of the proposals the Emperor ALEXANDER has no theoretical objection. The rest he will consider as circumstances may allow. The English negotiator, having discharged his mission, is politely bowed out from Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's presence; yet, before he retires, it may be convenient that he should understand that an armistice is impossible, and that a Conference is useless and inadmissible. As to certain general propositions in which Lord RUSSELL had, according to his habit, indulged, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has no objection to commonplaces about the confidence of subjects and the ascendancy of law, provided they are balanced by equally instructive axioms on due respect for sovereign authority. The exchange of such ideas might be prolonged for an indefinite time without either embarrassing Russia or pacifying Poland. A more serious answer to the arguments of the English Government is contained in the undeniable assertion that Lord RUSSELL's suggestions are not co-extensive with the demands of the insurgents. It is true that the Poles demand neither amnesty nor administrative reform, nor would they be satisfied with constitutional representation. "Even the absolute independence of the Kingdom would be for them only a means of arriving at the final object of their aspirations." The Russian Minister is nervously anxious to explain away the phrases in the Treaty of Vienna which may be supposed to give foreign Powers a right of interference on behalf of the Polish provinces beyond the frontier of the Congress Kingdom. While he is fully justified in attributing the first Article of the Treaty of Vienna to the Emperor ALEXANDER, he is driven to assume that a condition voluntarily introduced by one party into a contract confers no right of litigation on the other. This part of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's argument would form the most vulnerable portion of his despatch, if the validity of diplomatic reasoning were as important as its practical result. His refusal to enter into a Conference with any Powers except Austria and Prussia tends more directly to render a rupture possible. The interference of foreign Powers in administrative arrangements is necessarily unpalatable; but Prince GORTSCHAKOFF is not entitled to treat the government of Poland as a purely domestic question. England, having a right to exchange ideas, must be entitled also to inquire whether the ideas are likely to be represented by any corresponding reality. The Emperor ALEXANDER would summarily reject any exchange of ideas on the administration of Moscow or Tamboff; but the Polish dominions of Russia are held, not by mere inheritance or bare possession, but by the consent of Europe, under the conditions of the Treaty of Vienna. Conference would, perhaps, be unprofitable, but it is not technically irregular. The friends of peace have equal reason to regret the alternate force and weakness of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's despatch. The reasons against peaceable intervention may hereafter be used as arguments to prove that war is unavoidable.

If it was imprudent to discourage the friendly or neutral tendencies of England, it was still more unwise to furnish France with excuses for a rupture which may perhaps have been already designed and prepared. It seems to be understood that the complaint as to the social relations of the Polish emigrants in Paris is directed against Prince NAPOLEON; but if it was certain that neither the Court nor the community in general would take the opportunity of breaking with the exiles, it was useless to utter the remonstrance, unless it was intended as an affront. Frenchmen of every rank



have a right to choose their own society; and even if it were true that public opinion had been misled by Polish calumnies, the grievance was not a proper subject for diplomatic urgency or administrative redress. If Prince GORTSCHAKOFF thought that peace was still possible, he ought to have furnished its advocates with some apparent concession to which they could point in support of their opinions. Nothing could be more indiscreet than a communication which seemed to compel a choice between humiliation and war. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's French despatch is less elaborate than that addressed to England, although it is in substance identical. The reply to Austria, while it is couched in terms of affected cordiality, has been accepted, as it was apparently intended, in the light of an insult; and Count RECHBERG has since angrily repudiated the ostensible compliments which Prince GORTSCHAKOFF founded on language which he purposely misunderstands. The Austrian Government had expressed an opinion that a Congress would be desirable if Russia would consent to discuss the Polish question with the European Powers. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF thanks Count RECHBERG for making the assent of Austria to the Congress conditional on the participation of Russia. The offer of a limited Conference of three Powers, in which Austria would be systematically outvoted by Russia and Prussia, implied a belief that the Austrian concert with the Western Powers was wholly unstable and insincere; and the insinuation that Galicia shared the dangers of the Kingdom of Poland would have been unpalatable even if it had been well founded. Count RECHBERG's commentary on the offensive passages in the Russian despatch displays a vigorous candour which is not usual in diplomacy. The best chance for peace is to be found in the sincerity and firmness of Austria.

The motives which have influenced the Russian Government are difficult to understand. If all the demands of the Three Powers had been conceded, on condition that they should enforce the armistice on the insurgents, England would, for the time, have been silenced; Austria would perhaps have been conciliated; and if France had determined on a rupture, it would have been necessary to shift the ground of the quarrel. As the insurgents could scarcely have laid down their arms on the summons of the allies, the Russian generals might have continued their barbarous prosecution of hostilities, while the Cabinet was exchanging philanthropic sentiments with the three Powers in anticipation of the Congress. The National Committee of Warsaw might have dictated, in their own interest, all Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's despatches. If it is true that the insurrection is kept alive by the hope of foreign assistance, it will certainly not languish until Russia finds it expedient to adopt more prudent language.

#### THE LAST OF THE EXHIBITION.

HASTY reasoners are often inclined to complain of the tedious forms of our legislative bodies. The precautions against surprise are so carefully multiplied that they may at first sight seem to have become a burden rather than a protection to the progress of business. In the House of Commons especially, where these forms are observed with peculiar rigour, the obstacles which they present to the passing of measures upon which the public mind is set are often peculiarly irritating. The House frequently seems to be in danger of meeting with the mishap that used to befall the knights of old, and being smothered with the armour that was designed for its protection.

Fortunately, the objection has never prevailed sufficiently to induce the House materially to curtail its forms. An incident which occurred at the close of the Session illustrates on a small scale the benefits they confer, and the evil that would arise without them. Towards the middle of last week, a Bill was brought down from the House of Lords, where it had passed *sub silentio*, bearing the unobtrusive title of "Exhibition Medals Bill." Notice was given that it would be read a second time on Friday morning; and on that morning a copy of the Bill was sent round to members. The House met, it appears, about two hours afterwards. It being a morning sitting, the attendance was, as usual, very thin, and nobody happened to be there who had devoted the two hours' interval to the task of reading the Bill. Of course, under these circumstances, there was no opposition to the second reading. Mr. MILNER GIBSON, the Minister who had charge of the measure, thought the opportunity a very comfortable one, and proposed that two more stages—the Committee and the Report—should be taken forthwith, before any other curious person should have had time to read the Bill. The result was that it had reached its third reading before any opportunity had been given to members to make themselves acquainted with its pro-

visions. Amendments at that stage are inadmissible, and no choice remained to them but either to refuse to legislate on the subject altogether, or to pass it with all the defects that it might contain. The House at the end of the Session, with about one-third of its effective members composed of paid Ministers, is seldom restive under small provocations. It was irritating to be told that they must either pass a bad Bill or no Bill at all; but they were loudly assured that the case was urgent, and that there was now no time for doing anything to amend the Bill; and so it was hustled through. It was perfectly true that there was then no time for doing anything to amend it; but that was only because Mr. GIBSON had cleverly taken a favourable moment, when nobody was there to stop him, to run it without notice through the only two stages in which, by the forms of the House, amendments are admissible.

This measure, so ingeniously smuggled into law, was the last kick of our old friend the Exhibition of 1862. It was a modest proposal to introduce a new principle into the Criminal Law for the benefit of the exhibitors of last year. According to the rule of law, which up to Tuesday last had been carefully observed, verbal misstatements, unless made with fraudulent or criminal intent, are not matters that fall within the scope of criminal jurisprudence. The Act which passed this week provided, for the first time, that a simple mis-statement, whatever the intention, should be punishable as a crime. If a man is convicted of saying that he, or that any other person, has received an Exhibition medal, when, in fact, no such medal has been received, he falls under the penalties of the Act. Nor are those penalties a very trivial matter. For the second offence six months' imprisonment may be inflicted, at the discretion of a magistrate. As far as the terms of the Act go, these penal statements may be a drunken maudering, or an idle brag. No doubt both drunkenness and bragging are objectionable habits. But the law never took upon itself to correct them before; and to begin by inflicting six months' imprisonment for a second offence is a violent commencement. This penalty, so utterly disproportionate to the offence—even if the offence had been ever known to the law of England before—can only be explained by a consideration of the real motives that prompted the measure. It is ridiculous to suppose that the claim of a medal by a man who had no right to it would do any other human being any harm. Puffs and counter-puffs have gone on since the days of SHERIDAN, and long before that. The substratum of fact to most of them has probably been minute. Yet nobody has ever felt sufficiently aggrieved to think it worth while to bring an action at law against any of the puffers, on account of their sins against veracity. Supposing the Earl of ALDBOROUGH had been a fictitious personage, it would never have entered anybody's head to say that HOLLOWAY ought to have been criminally punished. A short time ago, two rival manufacturers of starch powder at the east end of London each advertised that the QUEEN's laundress used his starch in preference to any other. It is quite clear that one of these gentlemen told a falsehood, unless we adopt the impossible hypothesis that the QUEEN's laundress spoke fair to both of them. But no one proposed to make it a matter of six months' imprisonment to pretend falsely to the custom of the QUEEN's laundress. If the grievance really existed, it would have been discovered before now in respect to other forms of advertisement besides that which was supplied by the jurors of the Exhibition. The medals were puffs of very moderate value. They were given in such profusion that no special merit could be inferred from the possession of them. All that could be argued from them was, that the owners had thought it worth while to send something to the Exhibition.

As a relief, therefore, to men who found that the puff for which they had paid rather handsomely was being plagiarized, the Bill is hardly intelligible; for no puffer ever brought forward a grievance of that kind before. A more probable account of it is, that it was a last effort to throw some dignity round the expiring moments of this most unlucky undertaking. Everything had gone wrong. Everybody had been dissatisfied, from the contractors who lost their money to the member of Parliament who fell through the flooring. The building had been universally execrated, and the opinion which had been passed on it by the Press was endorsed in no indistinct terms by the House of Commons. It was necessary to do something to rally its credit before it passed fairly into the domain of history. Therefore, a Parliamentary protection has been obtained for the great manufacture of puffs, and the criminal law has been remodelled in its honour. Penalties usually reserved for

serious offences have been inflicted on mere words tending to bring the protected puff into discredit. Thus the Exhibition, its building, and its promoters disappear from the scene at last with something like honour. If they have created nothing else, they have at least created a new class of criminal offences. It is curious that this novel crusade against a type of fraud which was never recognised before, has been undertaken for the sake of an enterprise which has been a byword for the number of questionable transactions that have been discovered in connexion with it. We need not now revert to the dealings with the season-ticket holders, or to the many unpleasant revelations that were made concerning the refreshment rooms, or the juggle about the purchase of the lands and the survey of the building this year. The proceeding of last week will scarcely redeem its character in this respect. However, this last stroke of enterprise has achieved the great evidence of merit—success. In one point of view it must have caused many painful reflections to those who have had the direction of the South Kensington campaign. They cannot conceal from themselves that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had only gone to work with the skill displayed by Mr. GIBSON, the nation might now have been the happy possessors of the Exhibition Building. If the vote had been delayed till quite the end of the Session, and then had been passed through all its stages at a morning sitting, there is no knowing what the success of the Government might have been. Is it too late even now? It is true that the House of Commons has condemned the building, and that the spirited Directors of the Alexandra Park have bought it; and we have no doubt that it will find its way to Muswell Hill—unless it happens to stay at Brompton. But if, by some inexplicable fatality, it should still occupy its present site towards the end of next summer, it would be wiser to entrust any delicate manipulations that may then have to be undertaken to the hands of Mr. MILNER GIBSON, and, as a preliminary precaution, to send Mr. GLADSTONE to bed.

#### THE SESSION.

THE feeling with which political observers will look back upon the Session of 1863 depends upon the view they take of the functions which a Parliament ought to fulfil in the political machine. Those who think that a perpetual series of surgical operations is the healthiest regimen for the body politic, and that a Parliament which performs the greatest number of such operations has answered the end of its existence best, must look upon the history of this year's legislation as little short of a national disgrace. It is not upon its legislative diligence that a judicious panegyrist of the present House of Commons will venture to dilate. If Acts of Parliament are to take us to Utopia, we are advancing to our goal by very slow steps indeed. Some other theory of the final cause of Parliamentary existence must be invented to excuse the jaded legislators who have just concluded their five months' toilsome inactivity. Those who look upon Parliament as the great National Debating Club, in which the material which a thousand organs of opinion combine to supply is fashioned into its final shape, will find little cause to quarrel with the Session. Whatever advantage the commonwealth may derive from reading the reports of Parliamentary debates, that it will have enjoyed, during the past year, in no stinted measure. Nor will the cynical philosophers who look upon Parliament as more useful for what it prevents than what it performs have any cause to be dissatisfied. As a seton for malignant humours, a vent for explosive discontents, a lunging-ground upon which all the superfluous energy of political theorists may be harmlessly exhausted, it has performed its part to admiration. There has been no lack of grievances, or of speakers to urge them. They have given to the constituted authorities valuable opportunities for displaying their skill of fence in parrying attacks; and though those who suffer under them can hardly flatter themselves that any of them will be abated, there is always some satisfaction in being told that they are under the consideration of the Government.

The party history of the Session is soon told. At its commencement, there were indications that the Opposition contemplated a grand assault. The cession of the Ionian Islands was a measure which seemed to furnish a fair battle cry, and it was generally calculated that, with the help of the discontented Irishmen, the Opposition leaders could command a majority, assuming that they might count upon the votes of all their nominal adherents. But the project was either never entertained, or was speedily given up. Three or four of the members who were prominent in the extinct Protectionist party expressed, on the first night of the Session, their feeling that Lord Palmerston represented their views as closely as any Minister for whom they could hope, and avowed their determination to hinder any immediate change of Government. This mutinous demonstration had the effect of proclaiming an armistice for the Session. Party action on the part of the Opposition became hopeless as far as regarded any substantial result, and damaging as an unnecessary advertisement of disunion. Mr. Disraeli appears to have accepted the situation with philosophy,

and has retired for the time from all political contests, except those in which Church questions are involved. On two occasions only have the Opposition attempted a distinctly party move against the Government—in one of which they were successful, while they failed in the other. Both of them were provoked by Mr. Gladstone. At a moment when everything was smooth before him, and the reductions in taxation which the Government were enabled to make had almost buried in oblivion the past eccentricities of his finance, he made a proposal devised apparently for no other purpose than to remind the world that he was unchanged. The tax upon Charities was recommended by no other consideration than that it was a pedantic exaggeration of principle which was likely to irritate the greatest number of persons for the smallest possible gain. After the measure was defeated, Lord Palmerston, with characteristic generosity, asserted that it had been brought forward with the full approval of all the Ministers. But it is difficult to believe that it was ever formally submitted to the Cabinet. The most unobservant student of English opinion upon the subject of charitable endowments would have been able to predict the result of such a proposal. Mr. Gladstone appeared to have an inkling of its fate himself; for he made a strenuous effort to carry it by a *coup de main*, before the aggrieved bodies, whose movements were sure to be slow, could be roused to action. Foiled in this manœuvre, he made no further effort to save it. He delivered a speech in its behalf which was one of the finest of his efforts; but it was evidently composed not for the purpose of convincing his opponents, which he abandoned as a useless labour, but in order to vent upon all charitable persons—past, present, or to come—his irrepressible anger at being driven to retreat. He was unable, however, to procure the advocacy of one single independent member, and was forced to withdraw the project after a very brief debate. Upon the second occasion on which the Opposition forces were mustered against him, he was more successful. The subject of debate was one of those personal questions which keenly excite the House of Commons, but are profoundly indifferent to the country. It was the proposal to cancel Mr. Churchward's contract, in punishment of his electioneering sins in 1859. Though the details of the case were much disputed, there was little question as to its main features. The largest charity could not doubt that Mr. Churchward had timed his application with a view to the impending Dover election, and had relied much upon his political merits for its success. On the other hand, whatever his sins might have been, it was an awkward precedent for the Queen's Government to set, to ask the House of Commons to cancel a contract that had been made by a former Government in her name. It was a case of which the merits were sufficiently balanced to enable men to vote purely according to their partisan allegiance. A slight desertion in the ranks of the Opposition resulted in a majority of eight in favour of the Government. A subsequent attempt on the part of the Conservatives to reverse the decision was foiled by the ignominious rivalry of a pigeon-match; and Mr. Churchward's contract was finally quashed by a majority of fourteen.

There was another measure of importance upon which the Government were opposed, and opposed with success; but it was not by the Opposition as a party. The refusal of the House of Commons to purchase the Exhibition Building was decidedly the most important event of the Session, though its immediate subject-matter was only the expenditure of a few hundred thousand pounds. The vote of that night laid the axe to the root of a great abuse that had been growing up almost unperceived for a considerable number of years. The power of the Sovereign, which falls nearly into abeyance when one party possesses a strong preponderance, becomes great again as soon as parties are evenly balanced. It rises still higher when the competition between the various statesmen of all parties becomes close. For, though the rise and fall of parties is decided in the main by the constituencies, their power extends only in very rare cases to the careers of individual politicians. Unless a man be singularly eminent, the Sovereign can place a ban upon him and exclude him, if not from all office, at least from the highest office, without any great risk of a collision with the House of Commons or the people. Court favour, therefore, is no matter of tinsel, but an object of substantial importance to politicians; and the fear of losing it avails, to a certain extent, to mould their policy, whether they are in office or in Opposition. If this species of influence were merely used to give a due weight to the personal opinion of the Sovereign, there would be no reason to complain, and its exercise would be acquiesced in cheerfully. But it becomes intolerable when it is wielded for their own sordid ends by obscure favourites, concealed under the shadow of the throne. During the whole of our history—during that of almost every monarchy—the influence of Court parasites has been one of the sorest and most frequent grievances to which the subject has been called on to submit. The disease has reappeared in our own day in a new form. In the last century, complaints of unauthorized advice and backstairs influence were common enough. But at least there was some consolation in the fact that those by whose sycophancy and insidious counsels the Sovereign's mind was misled were persons of some sort of political position, and therefore under some responsibility. In our day, the sense of honour has become keener, and political combatants no longer consider stratagems of this kind legitimate. Such enterprises have been left to men who had little character to lose, and only personal objects to attain; and to such men the "Science and Art" mania offered a ready and well-masked access to the Royal presence. The vote against the



Exhibition Building was undoubtedly dictated by a variety of objections, artistic, financial, and constitutional. But the dominant motive was a resolution on the part of the majority, with its leaders or without them, to break up the nest in which a whole brood of these adventurers had found shelter. It was not an æsthetic dislike of stucco, or a sudden fit of parsimony, that provoked the unexampled tumult in which the leaders of both sides were hooted down by their own supporters. It was an outburst of the indignation that had been storing up for years against the steady course of trick and intrigue by which an obscure knot of officials had been able again and again to force themselves and their schemes upon the House of Commons.

These three cases exhaust the divisions of importance that have been taken against the Government during the past Session. Ministers have been resisted, and sometimes have been beaten, upon questions of a subordinate class, or in cases where they have been following the lead of others. The tax upon Clubs was one of the minor absurdities with which Mr. Gladstone set off the substantial merits of the Budget. It was carried through its first stage by a majority; but its ingenious author was forced to abandon it before it had reached its full maturity, in consequence of the unfortunate discovery, made by a supporter of the Government, that its practical effect would be to mulct the Treasury of about three times the revenue it was to bring in. The tax on Carriers, which was a very ingenious measure of annoyance, wholly destitute of any practical utility, met with a similar fate. Sir George Grey has reaped his crop of failures, like his colleague; but their apparent importance has been reduced by his less aggressive temper. An attempt to make use of the mournful incidents which accompanied the progress of the Princess Alexandra through the City, for the purpose of altering the system of the police of London, miscarried, as it deserved to do. It never came to a vote; for a happy mistake in form procured it an honourable death at the hands of the Standing Orders' Committee. Its fate, if it had ever reached the House of Commons, could hardly have been doubtful. The controversy between a divided and an amalgamated police should have been settled upon its own merits. The mishaps of the procession-day were the result of an unparalleled pressure of duty happening to coincide with the unexpected death of the Commissioner of City Police. To seize upon them as a pretext for deciding a question which had been allowed to remain in abeyance so long, was a damaging confession of political weakness. Sir George Grey was not more successful in protecting abuses in the administration of the criminal law which public opinion has long ago condemned. Ever since our colonies refused to receive our criminals any longer, periodical panics have indicated the sense of insecurity which has been caused by the constant presence among us of so large a number of well-trained villains. However we treated them, unless we shut them up for life, they constituted an enormous danger; and that danger was greatly aggravated by the efforts of a knot of well-meaning philanthropists, who seriously believed that a course of easy labour, bodily indulgences, and chaplain's sermons could convert a thief into an honest man. Under this delusion, they pampered them in prison, and then turned them out upon society before their time, with a public gratuity to support them. Every care was taken to prove, by palpable example, to the honest labourer, how profitable a thing it was to break the law. Under these favouring circumstances, there was a rapid increase of crimes of the heavier class, the punishments of which were regulated according to the ideas of the philanthropists. At last, the terrible outbreak of last autumn thoroughly roused the more sober part of the community to the necessity of checking these sentimental experiments. Sir George Grey was besieged with remonstrances and protests from grand juries, and benches of magistrates, and other influential bodies. An adept in the art of doing nothing, he betook himself with instinctive sagacity to the resource of a Commission. It has done him the service which he looked to it to perform. It went far to shelve the question until the Session was over; and, at the end, it has made a worthless and colourless report. The most valuable of its services has been that it has elicited from Chief Justice Cockburn a telling and well-reasoned protest against the follies to which his colleagues upon the Commission have practically lent their countenance. But, happily, Sir George Grey has not thus entirely parried the demand for prison reform. In spite of his strenuous resistance, Mr. Adderley was able to pass a Bill by which the Judges will be able, in addition to penal servitude, to inflict the imaginary punishment of two or three sound floggings. It is to be hoped that the criminal classes will look upon this provision as some slight set-off against the abundant diet and comfortable cells of a convict prison.

Church questions have become a very material portion of the business of every year, and, therefore, require some notice in the review of the Session; but their history does not differ much from what it was last year. Mr. Hadfield's little Bill for removing religious disabilities which are relieved every year by an Act of Indemnity again passed the House of Commons, after a struggle of which it was wholly unworthy, and was again rejected by the House of Lords. The proposal to abolish Church-rates was thrown out by a majority of ten, which is a larger majority than the churchmen have obtained since the fall of the Aberdeen Government. Sir George Grey made a futile effort to save the Bill by proposing to adopt in Committee Lord Ebury's so-called compromise — which consists in abolishing the real rate, and putting a sham rate, backed by no legal powers, in its place. A similar attempt at mediation was still more unsuccessful in the case of the Burials Bill. In order to

gratify his Dissenting supporters, and yet not to pass a measure which would throw every parish into confusion, Sir George Grey proposed to read the Bill a second time, for the purpose of striking out all the material clauses of it in Committee. Mr. Gladstone, to the sore discomfiture of his University supporters, made a speech in the same sense. But the effort of the two Ministers to please both sides appears to have irritated rather than conciliated the House; for the measure was summarily rejected by a majority of more than two to one.

Upon other questions of the same class the Government took a view more favourable to the Established Church, and was more successful. The Endowed Schools Bill, repudiated by both sides of the House, never came to a vote at all. Mr. Bouverie's Bill for altering the Act of Uniformity so far as to enable Dissenters to be Fellows of Colleges at the two Universities, passed its first reading with the assistance of the Government, but was withdrawn in deference to a plain intimation from Lord Palmerston that that support could not be extended to it when it reached a more important stage. Mr. Buxton's proposal to sweep away all subscriptions, and to rely for the orthodoxy of the clergy upon penal laws alone, was set aside without a division. The movement which these two gentlemen represented finds at present but little favour in the House of Commons. But it is only of recent origin, and has not probably as yet developed the full stature to which it is destined to attain. In one form or other, this question of subscriptions is likely to give far more trouble to the defenders of the Established Church than the more open assault of the sects who simply desire to partition her property. For the present, however, no considerable section of politicians is in the least inclined to entertain it. Another ecclesiastical grievance, which at one time was of sufficient magnitude almost to threaten a civil war, has been recalled from its long repose. The Irish Church has reappeared upon the political field at last. It is remarkable that none of the three gentlemen who brought it forward — neither Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Seymour, nor Mr. Osborne — ventured formally to demand the transference of its revenues to the Church of Rome. The speeches of two of them were bitterly hostile to it, but their motions only called for inquiry or for readjustment. The debates to which the question gave rise were remarkable for the ability they displayed. The speech in which Mr. Osborne exposed the numerical insignificance of the Irish Church was the most amusing speech of the Session; and it would have been more permanently effective if he had taken the trouble to ascertain that his figures were correct. They were demolished on a subsequent evening, with merciless effect, by Sir Hugh Cairns. Upon the same evening, considerable remark was excited by an unusually powerful speech from Sir Robert Peel. The vehemence with which he pledged, not only himself, but Lord Palmerston (who was absent), to the maintenance of the Irish Church, contrasted curiously with the language which was quoted repeatedly in the debate from Lord Palmerston's speeches of twenty years ago. But though the speeches were above the average merit of the debates of the year, they were delivered to a House that was not only unfriendly to the motions to which they referred, but disliked the mere discussion of the question. It unwillingly saw its proceedings employed for the purpose of lashing up the slumbering sectarianism of the Irish peasantry. The first opportunity, therefore, that occurred was taken to cut short the discussion upon a point of form, before it was ripe for a division.

Two other Bills bearing upon ecclesiastical affairs were introduced, but they were not of a tendency hostile to the Church. The Lord Chancellor's measure for selling the smaller advowsons in his gift, and applying the proceeds in each case towards the augmentation of the benefice, was received with such general approval as to create surprise that it had never been proposed before. The only serious resistance with which it met was from the section of extreme Dissenters who proceed upon the principle that it is always their duty to oppose anything by which the Church can benefit. The Church Building Acts Consolidation Bill, introduced by the Solicitor-General, is a praiseworthy attempt to deal with a legislative tangle that hitherto has been given up as hopeless. It was necessary to send it to a Select Committee on account of the intricacy of the subject, and it did not emerge from that retreat until it was too late to press it through Parliament. It will probably pass without difficulty next year. If its effect is to place the provisions of this complicated branch of the law within the capacity of unlearned persons, it will have removed one of the greatest hindrances to Church extension. There were also two measures, which cannot be called strictly ecclesiastical, but which had a sufficiently close relation to religious disputes to deserve a place in the ecclesiastical list. The Prison Ministers' Bill, which was a measure for enabling justices in quarter sessions in certain cases to pay Roman Catholic chaplains out of the rates, was hotly contested by the keener Protestants of the House of Commons at every stage. Deserted, however, by their leading men on both sides, they were unable to make any impression upon the Bill. The Public House Bill, introduced by Mr. Somes, was not discussed in the House of Commons upon religious grounds; but the names of its supporters, and the nature of the support which it received out of doors, betrayed its strictly controversial origin. It was nothing but a forward movement of the Sabbatarians, boldly conceived and vigorously carried out. The preparation for it was a great display of agitating skill. No parish was neglected in which even the Sunday-school children could be induced, by an Evangelical clergyman or schoolmistress, to sign a petition. Every

possible means of influence that could be brought to bear on any member was unscrupulously applied. That this pressure was not employed in vain is evident from the number of members who voted for the second reading of the Bill. Many men whose nature is little akin to Puritanism supported the Puritan proposal in deference to the remonstrances or the threats of their constituents. But the mass of the House rebelled against the intimidation to which they had been exposed; and the Bill was thrown out by a large majority. It is to be reintroduced next year, when the prospect of an imminent dissolution may make members more amenable to the menaces of an active, though small, proportion of their constituents. The Church history of the Session ought not to be dismissed without a mention of the Committee that has been sitting for two years upon the Ecclesiastical Commission. It has reported, and recommends the most sweeping changes. The abolition of the Commission, the substitution for it of local agencies for conducting the expenditure, and the attribution of the management of Church property to a new Board consisting of only three men, are among the most striking of its recommendations. It remains to be seen whether it will be possible to pass a Bill in the House of Commons which shall embody, even in a faint degree, the slashing recommendations of its Committee.

Besides the Bills we have named, the legislative achievements of the Session have been very few. The measure for the regulation of the Irish Fisheries and the protection of salmon attracted as much attention as would, in ordinary years, have been devoted to proposals for protection of another sort. Whatever its ultimate efficacy may be, its Parliamentary achievements have not been inconsiderable. It has furnished employment to the Irish members for a whole Session; and it has made the House of Lords pass by large majorities clauses which the law lords with one consent denounced as an invasion of the rights of property. The measures which have been adopted, at the instance of Mr. Villiers, for the relief of the sufferers in Lancashire have been, as yet, of the most limited character. The Rate in Aid provisions of last year have been continued; and powers of borrowing upon the credit of the Exchequer have been granted. The annual Bill for supplying the funds necessary for the fortifications which were sanctioned three years ago was passed by large majorities. The resistance in debate, however, was as strenuous and persevering as ever. The two main points of dispute were, whether land fortifications are of any use for the protection of dockyards, and secondly, whether the events which have taken place at Charleston have or have not established the power of forts to resist ships. The attack upon the fortifications was maintained with great ability by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Osborne, and Sir F. Smith; but the House, bewildered by the conflict of eminent authorities, determined to support the Minister. A similar course was taken early in the year, when Sir Morton Peto proposed a vote condemnatory of wooden ships. The natural indolence that belongs to a period of political calm has assumed, in all matters relating either to military preparation or foreign policy, the laudable form of a disinclination on the part of the House to take executive responsibility upon itself. In the list of successful measures, the Act for the extirpation of alkaline stinks ought not to be forgotten; for it was introduced into the House of Lords as the Ministerial measure of the Session. One Act, indeed, has been passed which forms an exception to the general insignificance. If the Session which has just closed possesses any claim to be ever thought of by any future generation, it will be for the Lord Chancellor's wholesale repeal of the obsolete statutes which encumbered our law. The expunging of Acts which have ceased to be operative is not, perhaps, a very long stride towards the codification which has been promised for so long; but it is, at all events, the first step to be taken.

Barren of practical legislation, the Session has been comparatively rich in those debates upon merely formal motions which are designed to influence, not votes within the Houses of Parliament, but opinion out of doors. There is scarcely a part of the world that has not been brought under discussion. That cosmopolitan interest which in former years has been confined to Mr. Darby Griffiths has now extended itself to both Houses. To a certain extent, it must be admitted that this wide range of comment is only a reflection of the multifarious activity of the Foreign Office. Scarcely one of these debates has been without some excuse. Either naturally or by virtue of the sleepless activity of Lord Russell, there are English interests mixed up with nearly all the places to which they have related. The affairs of Denmark are interesting to us generally only in a secondary degree; but they have been objects of our immediate concern during the past year in consequence of Lord Russell's having thought fit to revenge his irksome solitude in the inn at Gotha by writing an insulting despatch to the Danish Government. The dispute arising out of our Brazilian reprisals has been the subject of three or four debates; and the result at which the two Houses and the public appear, after repeated discussions, to have arrived, could not fail to be, on the whole, unfavourable to the Government. The general opinion seems now to be, that the Brazilians were guilty of delay in bringing to justice the wreckers who had plundered the *Prince of Wales*, although no delay could justify the demand of compensation for "possible murders" which were not proved. The case of the three officers who had dined, and for whose arrest in that condition Lord Russell peremptorily demanded the dismissal of several of the Brazilian police, has been sufficiently disposed of by King Leopold's award. The alleged

affront was wholly imaginary; and therefore the revenge taken for it was an insolent aggression. That we are in trouble with Japan, if it is the fault of the Foreign Office at all, is due to Lord Malmesbury, who concluded the treaty out of which the collision has arisen. The real culprits, however, appear to be the truculent adventurers who act as pioneers to British commerce in all new fields of enterprise, and who have descended upon Japan in unusual force. Interesting debates upon China were initiated by Lord Naas and Mr. Liddell; but both were damaged by the indistinctness which prevailed, as well in respect to the charges brought against the Government as to the change of measures which was proposed as a remedy for their errors. They were expressions of a vague disquietude, rather than of a difference of opinion upon any definite issue of policy. There have also been good debates upon Greece, upon Turkey, and upon Italy. In respect to Greece, the Opposition were unable to make out any strong case against the Government. The only damage the question caused to Ministers was the inexplicable display of irritability which the attack drew from Lord Palmerston. The discussion upon Turkey, which was introduced by Mr. Gregory in the best speech that he has delivered this year, brought to light the unsuspected fact that the majority of those who take most interest in the subject in the House of Commons are inclined to abandon the traditional leanings of our policy, and to hand over the Ottoman Empire to its foes. In the case of Italy, the House of Commons put forward the debating-club side of its character more prominently than in any other. There was no English interest to justify the Legislature of England in discussing the internal affairs of Italy. Unhappily for the reputation of the House of Commons, this unpractical night was the best night of the Session. Its immediate cause was the desire of Lord Henry Lennox to make public certain abuses in the prison management of Italy, which he thought furnished a parallel to the notorious cruelties of the last dynasty in Naples. His narrative was exceedingly effective at the time it was delivered; but the subsequent discovery that some of his statements were destitute of any foundation in fact, has very much weakened the force even of those which were not disproved.

America and Poland, however, have necessarily been the leading interests of the Session. In regard to both of them, the best debates were in the House of Lords. Mr. Horsman's speech in the House of Commons upon Poland was a fine effort in his more decorated style. But, with that exception, there was nothing in the popular branch of the Legislature that could rival the vigorous eloquence which this question elicited from Lord Ellenborough, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, and Lord Derby. A desire not to weaken the hands of the diplomatists possibly contributed to lend to the language of some speakers a more warlike tone than they would otherwise have adopted. But the general effect of the debates in both Houses faithfully represented the feelings of the majority in deprecating the idea of restoring Poland at the cost of a European war.

The American war, and the questions of international law arising out of it, have been frequently under discussion; but in neither House has it raised a debate at all commensurate with its importance. A disinclination to run any risk by meddling with a contest whose strange turns of fortune defy all calculation has been the dominant feeling of all who either are, or hope to be, invested with official responsibility. Mr. Roebuck's motion might have led to some decisive expression of opinion if the time had been more opportune, and if it had not been smothered by the extraneous matter with which its author burdened it. But it was generally felt to be a waste of time to discuss the prospects of the war at the moment of its most critical turning-point; and, therefore, both the public and the House betook themselves in preference to an animated controversy upon the personal questions involved in Mr. Roebuck's irregular diplomacy.

Altogether, the science of "letting it alone," both in domestic and in foreign affairs, has been carried as far this Session as Lord Melbourne himself could have desired. In the present temper of men's minds, no other policy would have been possible; and on the whole, in the changes through which every country but our own is passing, it is doubtful whether any other would have been wise. The troubles into which we were brought during last year's recess by the irregular zeal of the Foreign Office are sufficient to warn us that it is not upon the side of inactivity that our greatest danger lies. At all events, the past Session may well bear a comparison with many of the opposite character that have preceded it. If they call to mind the feverish rivalry in putting forth schemes of organic change which marked all our leading statesmen five years ago, most Englishmen will be inclined to acquiesce with gratitude in the determined immobility which characterizes them now.

#### RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS.

THERE are a good many things in England that disgrace the nation, and make us, or ought to make us, ashamed of ourselves. There is the Haymarket at night, and there are the little boys who are sent up chimneys, and there are the people who playfully spend their leisure hours in heaving a succession of halves of bricks at their wives. But, in one way, there is nothing so disgraceful to England as the arrangements at railway stations for what are termed refreshments. The peculiarity of this national blot is that it is very definite, very patent, very annoying, and



easily remediable. No human wisdom or efforts have as yet succeeded in cutting to the root of the evil that fills the Haymarket. Acts of Parliament have been passed, and passed in vain, against that cruelty to children which does not awaken the resistance of parents. Very brutal men, very drunk, with half a brick near them, cannot resist the presence of a mark so convenient, so patient, and often so aggravating, as a wife. But it is absurd to suppose that there is any deep cause or any profound social disease at the bottom of the contrivances of these wretched places. The English mind, though slow to effect its purposes, could surely, if it tried, get rid of the monstrous mismanagement which presides over all the details of the system. Squabs of pork-pie, offered without the slightest reference to the season, old jam three-cornered puffs, fossil sandwiches, sausages concealed in heavy pastry, sugary brittle cakes, and packets of sugar-plums, cannot be the only things that inventive Englishmen might think of. As to the beverages, if at any station in England a cup of coffee is sold, we should be glad to hear of that happy place. In all those wretched refreshment-rooms that we have visited, we have found a curious brown dilution of chicory, or imitation of chicory, sold as coffee, for it is not even good chicory. It is a liquid only sold at stations and bad hotels, and to make and sell it must be one of the most mournful and degrading of occupations. Perhaps it is too much to think of tea. For even in the better class of English hotels, a really decent cup of tea is unknown. We are not sure that the people who keep refreshments even know what tea and coffee are. They probably think that their countrymen are born somehow to drink the imitation chicory with which alone they are familiar. Now, in a nation so rich as England, and where we persuade ourselves that comfort is so well understood, it is disgraceful that a traveller cannot get anything to eat and drink better than a squab of pork-pie and a cup of imitation chicory. This mismanagement is disgraceful, because it is mean and ignorant and barbarous, and because it wickedly causes much unnecessary discomfort. It is disgraceful, exactly as the old style of Irish cottage was disgraceful. It degrades and annoys every one that has to do with it, and makes people satisfied to give, and satisfied to receive, a mere cheat and imposition.

On one of the principal English lines in connexion with the Continent the arrangements are these:—There is a morning train at a reasonable hour, on the arrival of which a packet immediately starts. Nothing is to be got to eat or drink until the traveller arrives at a French port, except what he gets at the station whence he sets out. The people there might decline to serve anything. They might declare that the time was too early for them, and that they could not be expected to be dressed before eight. But they do not do this. They offer a miserable repast. They not only are willing to supply the usual pork-pie, jam puff, and sugar-plums, but they have got their coffee ready. That mournful mixture is also accompanied with a piece of stale bread. But they must draw the line somewhere. They consider it too early for butter. In London, where it is foolishly said that every comfort may be had by paying for it, where early carts come fresh from the country all night long, where ice is supposed to abound, these enemies of the public declare it to be impossible to get fresh butter by seven o'clock in the morning. They can think of no other way to start the hungry traveller comfortably except to offer him a stale jam puff and a cup of station-room coffee. However, those travellers who are lucky enough to start from home can get breakfast in their own houses, and, perhaps, the majority of travellers are thus protected. But on the return journey, when the Englishman gets into the port of arrival, he has no choice, and if he wants anything, must get it at the station. The packet arrives in the middle of the night. Perhaps seventy or eighty persons come to the refreshment-room—for, if the passage has been tolerably quick, there is ample time before the train starts. These poor wretches have had the fatigue and suffering of a sea voyage. Many of them have chosen to remain on deck, and have had the sea air and the spray in their faces for a couple of hours. The ladies have undergone the endless discomforts of the Channel steamer. It may be said, in passing, that the arrangements of these steamers are nearly as bad as those of station-rooms, and that there are scarcely any of the comforts which a lady expects. Often there is not even a stewardess, and a man is the ministering angel to those of his countrywomen whose brows are wrung with misfortune. After the voyage is over, the comfort of a decent cup of tea and coffee, and of a little clean palatable food, would be indescribable. Accustomed for some time to the excellent arrangements of most French stations, and hoping that English stations near France cannot be so very bad after all, the travellers make for the refreshment-room. There they find one bewildered, sleepy female, vainly striving to pour out her station-coffee for a crowd of applicants. Those who cannot get near her watch the more fortunate, and see them take one eager sip, and then a hesitating sip, and then put away the cup of disappointment altogether. If the impatient and irritated stomach impels the weary wanderer to look for food, his eye falls, even at four in the morning, on the inevitable jam puffs. This seems to us truly disgraceful; not, perhaps, disgraceful to the poor benighted creatures who keep the refreshment-place, and probably know no better, but disgraceful to the nation where such barbarism can be endured, and where so wanton an addition to the miseries of travelling is taken as the burthen of an irresistible fate.

If it is asked what it is that is wanted, we can only reply that we want, at the best English stations, something like what we get

at a bad buffet in France. Nothing could be easier than to furnish coffee made of foreign berries—not of roots and beans—plenty of good fresh milk, fresh rolls, and pats of cool, clean butter. The more aspiring stations might go as high as tea, made recently of an honest black foreign leaf; but this, we know, is going far. The coffee, and rolls and butter, are what we must ask for, because then there would always be something on which we could rely; and if other people wanted to eat their puffs and pies and concealed sausages, they might. But if the reform were to be sweeping and universal, the whole style of thing might be changed, and there might be the variety, the quickness, and the cleanliness of such buffets as those of Maçon and Lyons. There is, indeed, a long way from where we are to where we should be then, and we do not expect such a wide interval to be passed over very quickly. It seems as if there were some inherent incapacity in Englishmen to keep buffets. We remember to have heard of a traveller who went along the whole length of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. He wished to eat and drink with decency and comfort. Time after time he was disappointed. Everywhere there was the usual English management—the old original pork-pie and imitation chicory. At last, and as it happened, on a Saturday evening, he got to a station where there was a refreshment-room after a very different pattern. All was neatness and order. The things to eat were eatable, and the things to drink were drinkable. The enchanted traveller descended, established himself in the refreshment-room, and determined to pass the Sunday there. He knew that if he went further he would be sure to fare worse; and a very pleasant, though rather quiet, Sunday he passed with his host, who was, of course, a Frenchman. How sincerely every Englishman must wish that such a being would come to this country, to preside over an exceptional refreshment-room! English managers of these places know no better, and unfortunately they find their own villanous arrangements highly profitable. They have a monopoly, and the *dura Anglorum illa* are found to endure, and even to desire, the squabs and the concealed sausages. So the money comes in, and the administrators not only make money for themselves, but are able to pay a good rent to the railway company. This satisfies the Directors, who do not conceive themselves to be under any further responsibility, and who would never think of making any objection even if things were worse managed than they are.

Then, how is there ever to be an improvement? Fancy can suggest many ways, not very effectual perhaps, but still with some sort of promise in them. We might take a hint, for example, from Paris, where it is said that a difficulty scarcely inferior is to be overcome by a very bold expedient. The Seine is to be made navigable, from the mouth to Paris, for big ships. This would, of course, involve a considerable outlay; but then the object is proportionally great. It is proposed, in this way, to get a ship of the line up to Paris, for the Parisians to look at. It is acknowledged that, at Paris, the army is everything, and the navy almost nothing. Every one believes in the troops that they see, and the drums that they hear; but no one believes in the ships, which they are told are at Cherbourg, or the sailors, who are said to be at Brest. But if Paris could once see a ship of the line, it is hoped that ships would begin to be dear to the Parisian mind, and that Paris would never rest until France was mistress of the seas. In the same way, perhaps, if any one having the good of his country at heart would take the requisite trouble, and would solemnly visit the principal stations in England, with perhaps a band playing and a few flags and texts, and would then publicly show the keeper of the refreshment-rooms, once for all, a cup of good coffee and a clean roll and butter, the desired effect might be produced, and a new spirit might creep through the minds of these poor persons like that which is to animate Paris, and they might swear that they too would be sellers of something wholesome and palatable. Or any one railway might set the example. There is, for instance, the London, Chatham, and Dover, a bold and enterprising company, anxious to attract notice, and thirsting for fame. What a splendid opening it might have by this simple means! It has taken great pains to get a line as near Dover Harbour as possible, and its agents wait on travellers just arrived, that no stray wayfarer, who can possibly be reclaimed from the South-Eastern, may be lost; and they have taken the trouble to start a day train at an hour of their own; and they have bought some of the fastest boats that swim. But all these things, though good in their way, are nothing to what they might effect by the humble expedient of having a good refreshment-room—not a moderately good refreshment-room, but a really first-rate one. The traveller would think with pleasure and gratitude on that welcome interruption to travel, and would go by the route where he had such kind, such unexpected, attention offered him. And, after all, a good thing might be made out of it. Honesty would not be so very ruinous. There might be a little profit out of a shilling, even though the butter was not melted and the coffee came from Ceylon. If once a beginning were made, the example would be sure to spread, and the fashion to be followed. For the English, although so patient where patience is customary, are a hard and fierce people when sternness is in fashion; and if they once became possessed with the conviction that imitation chicory was not a proper drink for British mouths, they would express themselves to that effect when the refreshment-room was seeming to defraud them, and would, we may be sure, use that delightful frankness of ejaculation and remark which rarely fails to make an impression.

## THE MINSTERS OF LONDON.

THERE is no greater witness to the enormous size of that collection of cities which we call London than that it is constantly spoken of as poor in architectural antiquities. So undoubtedly it is, if we compare it, not only with some of the almost untouched foreign towns, but with cities like Bristol, York, and Norwich, where some piece of antiquity meets us at every turn of the street. The late date at which by far the greater part of modern London was built over, and the devastations of the great fire in the ancient portion, give to London, in a degree only less than Paris, the air of a thoroughly modern city. Yet the mediæval wealth of London, looked at positively, is enormous. It would at once make the archaeological fortune of a city of the bigness even of Manchester or Glasgow. Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Temple Church, St. Saviour's Southwark, St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, Austin Friars, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, Guildhall, and Crosby Hall, with a few smaller remains here and there, form a collection of objects which, in their combined number and merit, surpass anything that can be shown in any other city of the United Kingdom. Bristol, Norwich, and other cities might easily surpass them in mere number, but nowhere else can we find so near together so many objects of such high excellence. It is only its exceeding vastness that causes a city which contains them to be looked on as being, and, in a sense, really to be, poor in mediæval remains. Put them anywhere else, even in the greatest of our secondary towns, and such town would at once take its place at the head of all its fellows. But the London antiquities are unfortunate. Except the first and greatest on the list, they all lie in the less polite regions of the town. Many of them are so concealed by modern buildings that the ordinary observer never sees them, and even the professed antiquary has to look narrowly lest he miss his game. Some of them are so wretchedly mutilated and disfigured as to have lost all charms in the eyes of any but adepts. Some are popular sights, but the most valuable portions are either not shown at all or are not thought of. The ordinary visitor to the Tower is never shown the Conqueror's Chapel. The ordinary visitor to the Abbey goes simply to look at the monuments. Some of the smaller objects you are thought mad or dangerous if you look at at all. We trust that the church of All Hallows, Barking, is the only church, even in the city of London, out of which people are turned, neck and crop, without even the option of paying for the sight. A zealous antiquary once, finding the door open, stepped in to get a glimpse of one of the two or three mediæval parish churches in London. His inquiries were cut short by a dignified personage who, for grandeur of manner and mastery of the high polite style, might have been the British Butler himself. "I must request you to retire; the church is open only for Dr. Somebody"—we forget who. It was vain for the inquirer to expostulate, or to plead that he had seen hundreds, or perhaps rather thousands, of other churches, and had never before been ordered out of any. Such pleas were cut short by one conclusive argument—"I am the vestry-clerk."

One of the less known, but one of the most valuable, remains of mediæval London has lately stepped forth into unwonted notice. The church of Austin Friars has been threatened with destruction, and has happily escaped it. It has escaped it, that is, so far that it is not to be utterly pulled down, though we confess that we tremble as to the possible results of a Dutch "restoration" of an English monastic church. Austin Friars is a church of which comparatively few people have heard, and which fewer still have seen. Even some very zealous antiquaries have seen the outside only, having been utterly baffled in their attempts to find out the dwelling-place of the key. But it is a building of high importance in every way. It is the only example in London, and one out of a not very large number in all England, of a kind of church which is highly interesting historically, and which may afford very valuable hints for practical church builders at the present time. The churches of the various orders of Friars form a remarkable class, easily to be distinguished from mere parish churches on the one hand, and from the cathedrals and Benedictine abbeys on the other. With various local differences, a strong general resemblance runs through all the examples which survive in England, Ireland, Germany, and Aquitaine. Without going into minute technicalities, they may be said to combine great size with great simplicity of ground plan, which is just the general design that is wanted in a large modern town church. They do not affect the cross form and multiplied chapels of the cathedral and abbey churches, but commonly consist of a large open nave, adapted and designed for preaching to large congregations, with a choir, very like a college chapel, for the devotions of the friars themselves, and with or without a tall narrow tower interposed between the two parts. The English examples have shared most diverse fates, and we know of none that remains absolutely perfect. The most nearly complete is the one at Norwich, which has suffered no loss but that of its steeple; but even this is cut into two, the choir being—nominally, at least—used as a Dutch church, while the nave is applied to various secular uses, not so, however, as greatly to destroy its architectural effect. At Lynn, in the same county, is a noble tower, the only vestige of a church of the same type, and which allows us to reconstruct the Norwich example in its fulness. Portions of two examples may be found in the city of Gloucester by diligent inquirers, but they are so desecrated and cut up that it requires a good deal of study to make them out. The nave of one at Reading, after being used as a prison since the

days of Elizabeth, is now being happily restored as a church. There are others at Brecon, Winchelsea, and elsewhere, in a greater or less state of decay; but we know of none which survives in perfection as a church still in use, as we need hardly say is the case with many monastic churches of other orders. The London Austin Friars is merely the nave, which, like the Norwich Church, has, since Edward VI.'s time, belonged to the Dutch congregation. We rejoice that they have shown the good sense and good feeling to reject the barbarous scheme for destroying the treasure entrusted to them; and we trust that the necessary "restoration"—though one shudders at the word—will cause as little damage as a "restoration" can be kept from causing.

But if Austin Friars is saved, what is to become of a still more precious relic, the glory alike of London and of England? Probably nobody since Protector Somerset has ever thought of pulling down Westminster Abbey, but a great many people have combined to maltreat it in a way which makes us almost doubt whether the Protector's scheme was not the less cruel alternative. The last enemy appears in the form of Mr. Monckton Milnes. The foolish proposal to introduce another disfigurement into the Abbey, by way of commemorating Sir George Lewis, has led to some equally foolish debates in the House of Commons. We could wish that the Dean and Chapter had the courage absolutely to refuse admission to everything of the sort, and not to exclude them indirectly by a prohibitory duty. That the money goes, directly or indirectly, into the pockets of the Dean and Canons has been shown to be a stupid calumny, but still the bargaining about such things does look too much like selling the right of disfiguring the Minster. And such a course is just the way to call forth such clap-trap as that of Mr. Milnes. Perhaps a speech was never made showing more utter ignorance of the subject in hand. We never saw a more curious illustration of the remark often made, that most of the visitors to Westminster Abbey are utterly ignorant either that it is a church or that it is a grand building. Other great churches are visited for their own sake; people may inspect and admire very blindly, but they do inspect and admire. At Westminster they inspect and admire nothing except the beastly disfigurements of the building. The very phrase in use expresses it; they do not, as elsewhere, go to see the church—they go to "see the monuments." In this respect, Mr. Monckton Milnes does not, painful as it is to say it, rise above the vulgar herd. Till enlightened by Mr. Powell's admirable rebuke, he had evidently never thought that St. Peter's was the most glorious ecclesiastical interior in England, or, indeed, that it was a church at all. A few words about "worshippers" showed that he had some dim notion that some people did, some time or other, say their prayers in the building; but he clearly thought that such worship was something quite secondary—something which must at once yield to the higher purpose of setting up images, and looking at them, and quoting scraps of poetry about "shapes of empire," and the "dim corner of the poet's dream." "It should be remembered that Westminster Abbey cannot be placed in the category of ordinary cathedrals." The "category of cathedrals" is a category not to be found in Aristotle; so that Mr. Milnes' meaning partakes somewhat of the dimness of that corner which, for aught we know, may be the "dream" of the author of *Palm Leaves*. But as Westminster Abbey is not a cathedral at all, it is possible that Mr. Milnes may, in a sense, be right. There is another mysterious saying, which evoked some cheers, that he "could not admit that there is in the Dean and Chapter any such vested right as is assumed to exist in other cases." Therefore, they are threatened with a Royal Commission, an Act of Parliament, or a bodily invasion of the Board of Works—all because they have found out sooner than Mr. Milnes that St. Peter's Church is a church, and a most beautiful church, and that ugly pagan monuments conduce neither to beauty nor to devotion. The Dean is sneered at as lacking "feeling" and "patriotism" because he is unwilling to inflict fresh degradation on the noblest of English churches—the work, in a large part of its extent, of the noblest of English kings. How utterly dead the poetical senator must be to every feeling of taste is shown by the monstrous proposal to stick up a big idol under each of the arches of the nave. At this proposal some other members were silly enough to cheer. This ludicrous idea, according to Mr. Milnes, would "add very much to the decoration of the building, and be in harmony with the solemnity of the place." What may be Mr. Milnes' idea of "solemnity" is not very obvious; but, to judge from his quotation, "solemnity" consists in dimness, and perhaps he thinks that he will be doing the "dim aisles" a service by making them dimmer still. A practical man might suggest that Mr. Milnes' proposed Pantheon would make the aisles useless for divine service, and that he may at last succeed in making the church so dim that people cannot see in their prayer-books. But then the "convenience of worshippers" is, according to Mr. Milnes, something as secondary as the rights of the Dean and Chapter; rather than exclude a single image, Chapter and congregation may be all turned out to say their prayers in the street. Mr. Powell very pertinently asked whether Mr. Milnes ever attended service in the nave, and obtained the answer that he had done so "several times." We will not touch on the ground of the confessional by asking what Mr. Milnes worshipped on those several occasions, but surely his devotion must be of a kind either below or above that of ordinary men. It is clear that the presence of all sorts of heathen statuary, if it does not actually enkindle, at least does not



quench it. Perhaps, when worshipping in the presence of Neptune and Juggernaut and the rest of them, Mr. Milnes thought that he was carrying out the triumphant resolve of the Psalmist, "Even before the gods will I sing praise unto thee." But ordinary mortals, men like Mr. Powell and ourselves, are not capable of these ecstatic flights. We are not all poets; we do not all dream of a place in the "dim corner." Plain men do one of two things; either the monuments make them forget that it is a church, or else, if they remember that it is a church, they would be well-pleased to get rid of the monuments. Elder and graver persons than Lord Ebury's little boys might get inattentive, even during a shorter service than that of Good Friday, if set to worship among all the queer things in the north transept. The nave is comparatively free; it still remains a Christian spot; the work of King Edward and Abbot Islip remains comparatively undefaced. But Mr. Milnes threatens to deprive us of the little space which religion, art, and history still have allowed to them. He would hem in with two rows of full-length statues the one spot where we can still either pray or meditate in comparative freedom from abominations. And when he has filled the nave, and if any more illustrious persons still turn up, where will he go next? Will he try the apse? Perhaps some ingenious artist might stick up a full-length statue between the reredos and the shrine of the Confessor, or hang up somebody's bust and tablet above or in front of the tomb of Queen Eleanor. Even the Board of Works might hardly be prepared for this, but Mr. Milnes could only rejoice at such a "plethora of the monuments of remarkable personages." We must be allowed to hold that St. Peter's Church was built for another purpose than displaying the monuments of remarkable personages; but if that be its object, we can only hope that a bigger idol than any that has yet been set up may, at some distant day, be reared to that most remarkable personage who first thought of marshalling a series of statues of anybody, remarkable or otherwise, under the arches of the nave of Westminster Abbey.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN THE GLACIERS.

WE (H. and T.) had been staying for some days at Grindelwald, hoping for reliable weather, and looking at times into the wild and noble region which the Shreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Viescherhörner, and the Eiger feed with eternal snows. We had scanned the buttresses of the Jungfrau with a view to forcing a passage between the Maiden and the Monk from the Wengern Alp to the Aletsch Glacier. The weather for a time kept hopes and fears alternately afloat, but finally it declared against us, so we moved with the unelastic tread of beaten soldiers over the Great Scheideck, and up the Vale of Hasli to the Grimsel. We crossed the pass whose planed and polished rocks had long ago attracted the attention of Sir John Leslie, though the solution which he then offered ignored the ancient glacier which we now know to have been the planing tool employed. On rounding an angle of the Mayenwand, two travellers suddenly appeared in front of us. An impression made on any sensor nerve takes a certain time to travel to the brain and afterwards to arrange itself in consciousness, but this brief interval placed our friend L. and his guide bodily before us. He had been waiting at the new hotel which M. Seiler has erected at the foot of the Mayenwand, expecting our arrival; and finally, despairing of this, he had resolved to abandon the mountains, and was now bound for Brienz. In fact, the lakes of Switzerland and the ancient men who once bivouacked along their borders were to him the principal objects of interest; and we caught him in the act of declaring a preference for the lowlands which we could not by any means share.

We reversed his course, carried him with us down the mountain, and soon made ourselves at home in M. Seiler's hotel. Here we had three days' training on the glacier and the adjacent heights, and on one of the days two of our party made an attempt upon the Galenstock. Holding on to the flank of the mountain to our left, we reached the heights over the Rhone Cascade and crossed the glacier above the fall. The sky was clear and the air pleasant, as we rose along the flanks of the mountain; but in the earth's atmosphere the sun works his swiftest necromancy, its levity rendering it in a peculiar degree capable of caprice. Clouds suddenly generated came drifting up the valley of the Rhone, covering the glacier and girdling the mountain tops. They, however, left clear for a time the upper *névé* of the Rhone. Beauty is sometimes denied to the Alps, while grandeur is conceded; but nothing can be more lovely than the higher snow-fields of the great glaciers. They are altogether beautiful—not throned in repellent grandeur, but endowed with a grace so soft and tender as to suggest the beauty of a woman. The day was one long succession of surprises wrought by the cloud-filled and wind-rent air. We reached the top, and found it swathed by a gloom which might be felt, and which almost cut each of us away from the vision of his fellows. But suddenly, in the air above us, the grey fog melted away, and the deep blue heaven spanned the dazzling snows. Beyond the glacier rose the dark and craggy summit of the Finsteraarhorn, and other summits and other crags emerged in succession as the battle-clouds rolled away. But the smoke is again upon us, and we look once more into an infinite haze from the cornice which lists the mountain ridge. Again the clouds are torn asunder, and again they close. And thus, in upper air, did the sun play a wild accompaniment to the mystic music of the world below.

From the Rhone glacier we proceeded down the Rhone valley,

halting at Munster to dine. The hotel-keeper there—one Guntern, if we recollect aright—manifests a noteworthy peculiarity regarding his horses. If you have no horse, he will urge upon you, as if his salvation and yours depended on the result, the necessity of taking one. You may, moreover, come from Visp, or Obergestelen, thoroughly furnished with horses, and with a written agreement in your pocket which binds your conductor to take you to Andermatt, Meyringen, or Zermatt. Guntern will make it as clear as day that your best interests will be served by allowing him to substitute his quadrupeds for yours. You pay no more than you agreed to pay, and you have the unspeakable advantage of horses that know the mountains, and of drivers competent to turn all their dangers into joys. His waggons may cramp your limbs, but out of this he will extract a reason for your taking them. In short, Guntern is a pest. We had heard of the man's habits before we entered his house; but once within, we found him practising his customary arts on two of his guests. An arrangement which he has made with the people above and below him enables him to put to the torture every traveller who enters his hotel. He has the tenacity of a leech, and rough treatment is needed to shake him away. This worthy drove us to Viesch, whence, in the cool twilight, we ascended to the comfortable Hotel Jungfrau on the slopes of the *Äggischhorn*. This we made our head quarters for some days, and here we finally decided to ascend the Jungfrau. The proprietor keeps guides for this excursion, but his charges are so high as to be almost prohibitory. We, however, needed no guide in addition to our faithful B.; we simply needed a porter of sufficient strength and skill to follow where he led. In the village of Laax B. found such a porter—a young man who had the reputation of being both courageous and strong. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

This young man and a second porter we sent on with our provisions to the Grotto of the Faulberg, where we were to spend the night. Between the *Äggischhorn* and this cave the glacier presents no difficulty which the most ordinary caution cannot overcome, and the thought of danger in connexion with it never occurred to us. An hour and a half after the departure of our porters, we slowly wended our way to the lake of Mär-gelin, which we skirted, and were soon upon the ice. The middle of the glacier was almost as smooth as a carriage road, cut here and there by musical brooks produced by the superficial ablation. To one of us the scene opened out with the freshness of a new revelation, as, previously to this year, he had never been among the Alps. To the other, though not new, the region had lost no trace of the interest with which he first viewed it. We moved briskly along the frozen incline, until, after a couple of hours' march, we saw a solitary human being standing on the lateral moraine of the glacier, near the point where we were to quit it for the cave of the Faulberg. At first, this man excited no attention. He stood and watched us, but did not move a step towards us, until finally our curiosity was aroused by observing that he was one of our own two men. The glacier here is always cut by crevasses, which, while they present no real difficulty, require care. We approached our porter, but he never moved; and when we came up to him he looked stupid, and did not speak until he was spoken to. B. addressed him in the patois of the place, and he answered in the same patois. His answer must have been more than usually obscure, for our guide misunderstood the most important part of it. "My God!" he exclaimed, turning to us, "Walters is killed!" Walters was the guide at the *Äggischhorn*, with whom, in the present instance, we had nothing to do. "No, not Walters," responded the man, "it is my comrade that is killed." B. looked at him with a wild bewildered stare. "How killed?" he exclaimed. "Smashed in a crevasse," was the reply. We were all so stunned that for some time we did not quite seize the import of the terrible statement. B. at length tossed his arms in the air, exclaiming—"Jesu Maria! what am I to do?" With the swiftness that some ascribe to dreams, we understood the fact with imaginary adjuncts, one of which was that the man had been drawn dead from the crevasse, and was now a corpse in the cave of the Faulberg; for we took it for granted that, had he been still entombed, his comrade would have run or called for our assistance. Several times in succession he affirmed that the missing porter was certainly dead. "How does he know that he is dead?" L. demanded; "men are sometimes rendered senseless without being killed." This question was repeated in German, but met with the same stolid affirmative response. "Where is he, then?" we asked. "There," replied the porter, stretching his arm towards the glacier. "In the crevasse?" A stupid "Ja!" was the answer. It was with difficulty that we quelled an imprecation. "Lead the way to the crevasse, you blockhead," and he led the way.

We were soon beside a wide and jagged cleft which resembled a kind of cave more than an ordinary fissure. This cleft had been spanned by a snow bridge, now broken, and up to the edge of which human footsteps could be traced. The glacier here was considerably torn, but simple patience was the only thing needed to unravel its complexity. This quality our porter lacked, and, hoping to make shorter work of it, he attempted to cross this bridge. It gave way, and he went down, carrying an immense load of *débris* along with him. We looked into the hole, at one end of which the vision was cut short by darkness, while immediately under the broken arch it was crammed with snow and shattered icicles. We saw nothing more. We listened with strained attention, and from the depths of the glacier a low moan seemed to issue. Its

repetition assured us that it was no delusion—the man was still alive. B. from the first had been extremely excited; and his education as a Roman Catholic, by furnishing him with saints and angels to appeal to, augmented his emotion. When he heard the moaning he became almost frantic. He attempted to get into the crevasse, but was obliged to recoil. It was quite plain that a second life was in danger, for our guide seemed to have lost all self-control. A hand was placed heavily upon his shoulder, and he was admonished that upon his coolness depended the life of his friend. "If you behave like a man, we shall save him; if like a woman, he is lost." A first-rate rope accompanied the party, but unhappily it was with the man in the crevasse. "Take off coats, waistcoats, and braces." They were instantly taken off and knotted together. We watched B. while this work was going on; his hands trembled with excitement and his knots were evidently insecure. The last junction complete, he exclaimed, "Now, let me down!" "Not until each of these knots has been tested; not an inch!" Two of them gave way, and L.'s waistcoat also proved too tender for the strain. The *débris* was about forty feet from the surface of the glacier, but two prominences afforded a kind of footing. B. was dropped down to one of these; T. followed, being let down by L.; he could not trust the porter overhead. B. then descended the remaining distance, and was duly followed by T. More could not find room.

The shape and size of the cavity were such as to produce a kind of resonance, which rendered it difficult to strike the precise spot from which the sound issued; but the moaning continued, becoming to all appearance gradually feebler. Fearing to wound the man, the *débris* was cautiously rooted away; it rang curiously as it fell into the adjacent gloom. A layer two or three feet thick was thus removed; and finally, from the frozen mass, and so bloodless as to be almost as white as the surrounding snow, issued a single human hand. The fingers moved. Round it we rooted, and soon reached the knapsack, which we cut away. With it we regained our rope. The man's head was laid bare, and our brandy-flask was immediately at his lips. He tried to speak, but was inarticulate, his words jumbling themselves to a dull moan. B.'s feelings got the better of him at intervals; he wrought like a hero, but at times he needed guidance and stern admonition. The arms once free, we passed the rope underneath them, and sought to draw the man out. But the ice fragments round him had regelated so as to form a solid case. Thrice we essayed to draw him up, thrice we failed; he had literally to be hewn out of the ice, and not until his last foot was extricated were we able to lift him. L. and the porter pulling above, and we pushing him below, the man was raised to the light of day. L. then drew his friend out of the pit, and B. followed. For an hour we had been in the crevasse in shirt sleeves—the porter had been in it for two hours—and the dripping ice had drenched us. B., moreover, had worked with the energy of madness, and now the reaction came. He shook as if he would fall to pieces; but brandy and some covering revived him. The rescued man was helpless, unable to stand, unable to utter an articulate sentence. B. proposed to carry him down the glacier towards home. Had this been attempted, the man would have indubitably died upon the ice. B. thought he could carry him for two hours; but he underrated his own exhaustion and overrated the vitality of his friend. "It cannot be thought of—to the cave of Faulberg, where we must tend him as well as we can." We got him to the side of the glacier, and here B. took him on his back; in ten minutes he sank under his load. L. carried a miscellaneous burden. It was now our turn with the man, then again B.'s, and thus helping each other we reached the mountain grot. The sun had set, and the crown of the Jungfrau was embedded in amber light. Thinking that the Märgelin See might be reached before darkness, we proposed starting in search of help. The good B. would not hear of it, and L.'s eye slightly glistened. It is surprising how such an occasion brings out a man's feeling. "God bless you, L., and now for the glacier." But the anxiety to get quickly clear of the crevasses defeated its own object. Thrice we found ourselves in difficulty, and the light was visibly departing. The conviction deepened that persistence would be folly, and the most impressive moment of our experience was that on which we stopped at the brink of a profound fissure and looked upon the mountains and the sky. The serenity was perfect—not a cloud, not a breeze, not a sound, while over the solemn West spread the last hues of sunset.

We returned; warm wine was given to our patient, and all our dry clothes were wrapped around him. Hot water bottles were placed at his feet and his back was briskly rubbed. He continued to groan a long time; but, finally, both this and the trembling ceased. The anxious watcher B. muttered, "He is dead!" We leaned over his face and found him breathing gently; we felt his pulse—it was tranquilly beating. "Not dead, dear old B., he will be able to crawl home with us in the morning." The prediction was justified by the event; and two days afterwards we saw him at Laax, minus a bit of his ear, with a bruise upon his cheek, and a few scars upon his hand, but without a broken bone or serious injury of any kind. The self-denying manner in which the second porter spent the night made us forget his stupidity—it may have been stupefaction. If we were to draw a moral from this incident, it would be, that disasters in the Alps are far more likely to occur in ordinary places, where caution is not observed, than in really perilous places where the faculties are all alive, and care is impressed by the certain and manifest consequences of its neglect.

## REPORT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY COMMISSION.

POLITICAL physiology has settled the truth that institutions, like eggs, require to be set upon to save them from being addled. The Church, the Universities, the Army, the Navy, and the Lord Mayor himself have passed under the harrows and axes of Commissioners. So, at last, the supreme privileges of the Royal Academy itself—that one institution which communicates directly with Royalty—could no longer stand out against the inevitable doom, or refuse to furnish food for Blue-books. It has been fortunate in its inquisitors, over whom Lord Stanhope presided; and their report commends itself as the work of men more anxious to sift the question than to astonish the world by a sensation document. We have not the least doubt that it will have bitterly disappointed the root-and-branch reformers to whom the Academy has been so long an abomination. But while it does not fall in with their humours, it will approve itself to that larger and more rational class of outside critics who would be sorry to see the institution destroyed or revolutionized. No one can deny that the indictment against the Academy may be made to include many counts both of commission and of omission. But, after all, the Royal Academy is something more than one of those things which had better go on because they already exist. Its constitution, while open to the abuses incident to all self-elected bodies, is a valuable protest in favour of the English principle of government by guilds rather than by bureaux, of which the history of our art politics for the last fifteen years points the moral. The downfall of the Academy would have been the victory of Brompton. As it is, and if the Trafalgar Square senators will consent to meet the frankness of their censors in an equally friendly spirit, the foundation may be laid of that Art University which England has long been asking for at any hands but those of the South Kensington cabal.

The report commences with a generous tribute to the disinterestedness which the members of the Academy have shown, both in their custom of gratuitous teaching, and in the charitable purposes to which their funds have been devoted. It then ventures to recommend that a charter should be substituted for the "instrument" under which the body has been constituted since 1768; but that the personal communication between the Sovereign and the Academy should be preserved. At the same time, the Crown ought to be declared Visitor. The suggestion that the Academy should be henceforward limited to painting is very properly scouted, and the more reasonable opinion upheld, that, without detriment to the painting, the institution ought to expand into other branches of art. The proposal that members should be "elected by some constituent body independent of the Royal Academy" would incur the "risk of much greater evils than it professes to cure." At the same time, the constitution should rest on a wider and more liberal basis. Accordingly, it is proposed that the present number of forty R.A.'s, and of those two "Academician Engravers" by whose very recent institution the Academy grudgingly atoned for the original injustice of its founders, should be enlarged to the number of fifty professional Academicians, the additional eight members rightly "being chosen, in the first instance, from the classes of architects and sculptors." This may seem a small augmentation, but the error, if it is one, is on the right side.

The Commission next approaches a point on which it owns that very great difference of opinion prevails—namely, the addition of "what may be termed a lay element to the Academy." We are sorry to see that Sir Charles Eastlake heads the many members of the Academy who have given evidence in the negative, while Mr. Ruskin oddly fears that he and Lord Elcho, as disturbing elements, would do a deal of mischief if they had much to do with the Academy. The witnesses, however, in favour of such addition comprise "many eminent members of the artistic profession," besides critics and connoisseurs who are very favourably mentioned. The Commissioners, "on careful consideration," declare that their views are in favour of the change, while alive to the evident risk of a riot in face of so powerful an antagonistic influence. Our own strongest feeling on the matter is astonishment at the shortsightedness of men who do not see that the concession or the reform—call it which they please—has become a matter of simple necessity, in face of the growth both of public intelligence and public taste. Of all professions the artistic one is the last which can afford to set up priestcraft. The world cannot go on without somebody to look after its souls, somebody to look after its bodies, and somebody else to restrain its violence and make up its disputes; but it would perhaps scrape on without anybody to buy pictures. As it is, the Academy has five lay members—a chaplain, a foreign secretary, an antiquary, and two professors—men no less eminent than the Bishop of Oxford, Dean Milman, Mr. Grote, Sir Henry Holland, and Lord Stanhope—although their positions are purely honorary. What the Commission proposes is simply to make the number ten instead of five—to make the tenure of office five years, with re-eligibility, instead of perpetual, the election resting with the "general assembly" of the Academy—and to give the honorary Academicians certain functions in the body politic.

If the Academy haggle at this slight concession, not to mob influences, but to that great and growing interest in art on the part of amateurs which is its own breath of life, pecuniarily and artistically, then we must say that it deserves that ruin which we, no less than the Commissioners, are anxious to avert from it. The next subject which engages the Commission is the anomalous condition of those twenty artists who have the privilege of dubbing



themselves A.R.A., and of forming the list out of which the R.A.'s are taken, but who are strangers to the administration of the body. The recommendation is a practical one—namely, to raise the Associates to the number of fifty, and give them a voice in the government of the Academy, reserving to the Academy itself, with the assent of the Crown, still further to increase the list. The one hundred and ten Academicians, Laymen, and Associates would then constitute a General Assembly to meet at least twice a year. It is recommended that the President should still be a professional, nominated out of the R.A.'s by the Academicians, and elected by the General Assembly, and that he should, as at present, vacate his office annually, but with the power of being re-elected. The present salary of the President, 300*l.*, is recommended to be very largely increased, and two Vice-Presidents are proposed to be elected, who should be annually appointed to represent those two out of the three fine arts which the President himself did not profess. Then, as a General Assembly would be created larger than the actual governing body, so within the upper class a sort of Cabinet "Council" is suggested, to be nominated by the Academicians out of themselves, and approved by the Assembly, and to consist of the President, Vice-Presidents, and of seven professional and two lay R.A.'s. Of course the publication of accounts is the crowning feature of this Reform Bill.

These suggestions lead the Commission up to a consideration to which we call particular attention. It is suggested that the reconstituted Academy might furnish a safeguard against the "bad taste and utter want of system which have been displayed in the construction of our public buildings," as a "permanent council of advice and reference in all matters relating to the Fine Arts, public monuments and buildings," which would be likely to save successive Ministers from great embarrassment. This is, without doubt, the first reasonable idea which has been yet thrown out for the remedy of an evil which seemed to be hopeless from its very magnitude. Mr. Cochrane's plan of a permanent second Commissioner of Public Works stands self-condemned, while the notion which has often been presented of making the head of the office irremovable would only tend to destroy the control which public opinion, working through the journals and Parliament, does bring to bear upon a removable and responsible Minister. Bad as the condition of our public works may be at present, we should be in a sevenfold worse state if the Office of Works were to become the asylum of an irremovable despot whom the caprice or the political exigency of some long-forgotten Minister had dropped into the place. A removable Minister, as now, with the perpetual epiphorship of the Royal Academy—itsself impressible by public opinion—and with Parliament to bully both, seems as likely a combination as any that can be thought of for the reform of our National Taste Office. At all events, if it proves a failure, a long step will have been taken towards proving that any amelioration is well nigh impossible. The report forgets to observe, but the public will not fail to add for themselves, that the necessity for the change has been enhanced since the "Department" of Science and Art has created itself into a rival Ministry of public architecture. We take for granted that the new sauce for the Public Works goose will also be served up with the "Department" gander.

The proposal to confer honorary rank on eminent foreigners needs no remark. A proposal follows to engrave the most meritorious "art workmen" in metal, stone, wood, and other materials, on the Academy, as "Royal Academy Medallists." We entirely agree with this suggestion. The arts in question—those which link together manufacture with what used to be exclusively called art—are every day growing into greater importance, and the artists who practise them rising in the social and intellectual scale. The perception of this fact lies at the bottom of the greater part of the Bromptonian conspiracy. Its astute managers thought they saw the way to win the phalanx of art workmen, by rewards and hopes of rewards, to their bureaucratic commonwealth. Let the Royal Academy, from its independent standing-ground, hold out its hand to these men, and it may make them its own. Of course the recognition of the claims of constructional art to be recognised in a national Academy of Arts cannot stop at the mere creation of a body of medallists. But it is enough for the present that this first step should be taken. The Academy may, if it pleases, follow up the opening so made for it.

The question of "Exhibition" forms a separate head. The Commission are very chary about admitting the justice of the complaints which have been made of the unfairness of the Hanging Committees. As, however, they substantially admit the necessity of a change, we will not argue a point which, as far as it concerns past exhibitions, has little practical importance except as it affects the future regulation of this difficult point. The Commission propose to abridge the excessive privilege of exhibiting now possessed by restricting the Academicians to the right of exhibiting four works, and by making four the limit of the number Associates may send in, with the liability to have them rejected. The scope of the Annual Exhibition should be enlarged by the addition of coins, medals, gems, and, generally speaking, such works of chasing or carving as come under the appellation of Fine Arts. It is then proposed that the selection of the works should rest with the Council, while the "hanging" should be delegated to three other committees, composed of non-Councilmen, for painting and engraving, for sculpture, and for architecture—water colours, engravings, and architecture having each of them their independent room. It is

further suggested that, during the season, Saturday should be a free, and Monday a high-priced day. All these suggestions, of course, depend on the Academy having more space, and this the Commission propose to meet by building the new National Gallery at Burlington House, and giving up Trafalgar Square to the Academy. As far as the public is concerned, we are quite content that these two institutions should occupy those two sites, without being very particular which takes which. What we always have opposed, and ever will oppose, is either of them going to Brompton.

The proposed alterations in the system of teaching we reserve for further consideration. We shall hereafter call attention to the very curious mass of evidence which makes up the blue-book. For the present, we are willing to accept the report, on the face of its own statements, as a *point de départ* for a liberal, but a safe and rational, reform of our national Art Administration.

#### THE CAMPAIGNS IN AMERICA.

RECENT events in America have succeeded each other so rapidly that one can scarcely realize the change which has taken place in the hopes and fears, not only of those who wish well to the South, but of those who expected that a continuance of her successes would be the means of bringing the war to a conclusion. Without, however, undervaluing the importance of the recent achievements of the Northern Generals, or refusing due credit to their energy, we must be careful lest we adopt too desponding a tone respecting the prospects of the South; nor must it be forgotten that her former success, and the hopes which many in England seem to have entertained even in a greater degree than the Southerners themselves, have brought into higher relief the disasters which have recently befallen her arms. From accounts which lately reached us, dated more than a month ago, we learn that even then great fears as regards the fate of Vicksburg were entertained at Richmond. It is not that the South requires military stores, arms, or provisions for her armies. It is in men that the want is felt, and it is that want which prevents her from successfully combating the several invading armies at the various points on which the attack is directed. The inability of General Johnstone to procure a sufficient relieving army has been the cause of the fall of Vicksburg. No importance can be attached to the cry of treason urged by some against General Pemberton—a cry so frequently raised by the violent and ignorant in time of civil war. Let us, however, consider in detail the operations of the several armies, as by that method we shall be better able to weigh the probabilities for and against their future success. Even the Northern press is obliged to confess that the recent campaign in Maryland has resulted in drawn battles, and that the absence of defeat, which appears almost universally to have been expected, and even by a large party in the North hoped for, is the subject of congratulation, rather than the brilliant victories which were at first claimed. General Lee appears partly to have based his plan of campaign on the known imbecility of General Hooker; and to the increased energy and higher military qualifications evinced by General Meade, its failure may be to a great degree due. Want of powder, and the difficulty of supplying his army so far from the base of operations, has been alleged as one reason for the retreat of General Lee; but there can be no doubt that he failed in his attack on the Northern army, and experienced a resistance which he could scarcely have calculated on, and which obliged him to retire and again act on the defensive. The recent battles at Gettysburg add another proof to those which have been given in former actions, of the rapidity with which American troops recover their spirits and morale. The army which fought at Gettysburg was the same as that which, a short time back, was so severely handled at Chancellorsville; and the change in commanders was so recent, and the new man so unknown to the great body of the troops, that we cannot attribute solely to that cause the spirit with which they fought. Easily depressed as they are by disaster, equally quickly do they recover from its effects, and, as in other matters in America, different rules must be applied in estimating the effect of reverses on the future conduct of the troops from those which are usually laid down as influencing European armies.

The whole of the Federal army was engaged in the battle of the 3rd July, and much credit is due to General Meade for the ability with which he concentrated his whole force on the decisive point at the decisive moment. The 6th Corps, under General Sedgwick, which was reported to have been at New York on the day of the battle of the 2nd, was brought up for that of the 3rd. On the evening of Friday (the 3rd), and on Saturday and Sunday, General Lee was allowed almost uninterruptedly to conduct his retreat; and this he effected in remarkably good order, without the loss of a single gun. His line of retreat was north of the range known as South Mountain—his cavalry, estimated at fifteen thousand, under General Stuart, covering the movement, and retiring in a parallel line, but south of the same range. With scarcely any hindrance, General Lee moved on to the lines of defence round Hagerstown which had been prepared by General Ewell when he first entered Maryland, and took up a position with a front of about ten miles—his left resting on Hagerstown, and covering the bridge over the Potomac at Williamsport, his right on Bakersville, a small village near Boonsborough. The attempts at pursuit made by the Federal

cavalry were easily repulsed, as were also the efforts of General French to destroy the pontoons on the Potomac. On the 5th and 6th, General Meade advanced from Gettysburg in three columns, commanded severally by Generals Howard, Slocum, and Sedgwick. On the 7th, the army reached Middletown, about five miles from Frederick, and on the 8th, marched by two routes towards Boonsborough. General Meade had been reinforced since the battle by troops taken from North Carolina; but even with these reinforcements, and the militia under the command of General Couch—which, as General Lee retired, advanced slowly along the Cumberland Valley—he felt himself unable to attack the Confederate army in the position they occupied, or even materially to hinder them from further prosecuting their retreat by crossing the Potomac on the 14th. Accounts state that General Lee lost two guns, and 1,500 men taken prisoners, whilst conducting the operation; but the latter number is probably exaggerated. So ends, for the present, the invasion of the Northern States; and although the result has been far less than was expected, yet it must not be undervalued. War has been carried into one of the richest States of the Union, and an amount of stores collected, and successfully conveyed to the rear, which will be of material assistance in supplying the Confederate army. The affair at Winchester ought not to be forgotten, where what in Europe would be termed an army was disgracefully surprised and routed. The last accounts represent General Lee's army as being in the vicinity of Culpepper. He will probably take up a defensive position to cover Richmond, and to lend his aid to other armies now hard pressed, whilst General Meade cannot be in sufficient strength to act on the offensive in the devastated country of Virginia. General Lee's army is estimated by the Federal accounts, and probably with some truth, at 50,000 men, and 250 pieces of artillery. There are rumours, which may possibly be well-founded, that reinforcements have been forwarded by General Beauregard from the troops at Charleston; and this report is strengthened by the news received of Federal troops having landed on Morris Island, at the mouth of Charleston harbour. The operation is probably of little consequence. Morris Island lies to the south of the entrance of the harbour, and outside its line of defence; and an attack from that quarter must have been long foreseen and prepared against by so able a general as Beauregard. The batteries alleged to have been captured were probably open works facing the sea, but unconnected with, and outside of, the actual lines of defence. During the last siege, the operations of the ironclads were attended with so little result that but little confidence can be placed in their powers of attack.

A far more serious blow to the cause of the South than anything which has happened in other quarters is the fall of Vicksburg, entailing, as was expected, the fall of Port Hudson, the relief of New Orleans, and the opening up to the Federal gunboats of the whole course of the Mississippi. To General Grant is due the merit of this achievement. From what we can learn, the whole campaign which preceded and resulted in the capture of the place has been conducted in a manner which reflects credit on himself and his troops. It was no easy matter to carry on a siege at so great a distance from the base of operations, and along lines of communication menaced by the enemy. It required no common energy to supply such an army, and to hold the various fortified places along the line of the Mississippi. The siege appears to have been conducted regularly; and at the same time General Grant was able to resist any efforts of the relieving army operating in his rear. There are rumours, but at present not confirmed, that a battle was fought on the Big Black River. As long as the banks on both sides of the Mississippi are occupied by a hostile population, the river cannot be opened for trade, but the gunboats can now navigate along its whole course, and will render the passage of provisions and stores from Texas difficult. General Magruder will probably be forced to withdraw from the position which he occupies in Louisiana; and, in fact, the fall of Vicksburg entails the abandonment of operations which recently appeared to promise most important success. In Tennessee, General Bragg still continues to retreat before General Rosecrans; but until more authentic information arrives, we can scarcely credit the report that he has abandoned the line of defence at Chattanooga for a position in the interior of Georgia, unless with the design of drawing on the Federal general far from his resources, and then turning on him in the same manner as was so successfully practised on General Pope in Virginia. Whilst, however, Tennessee is occupied by Federal troops, Kentucky, and portions even of Indiana and Ohio, are ravaged by the Confederate cavalry, and General Morgan is even reported to be within thirty-five miles of Cincinnati.

The importance of the political news from the Northern States is, however, almost greater than that of the military operations. The conscription has, for the present at least, proved impracticable; and, what is more curious, the nation, which a short time ago was excited almost beyond control by the news of even slight success, now appears to regard with apathy the most important victories. Without conscription it would seem impossible to keep up the great armies which alone are capable of combating the South by mere weight of numbers, whilst the attempt to enforce it leads to results which seriously threaten the Northern Union. In fact, there are indications that the battle for State Rights may ultimately be fought on Northern as well as Southern soil. The news of the insurrection at New York will quickly reach Richmond, and act in some degree as a counterpoise to the recent disappointments, stimulating the people to fresh ardour and greater

self-sacrifice, as they find that at length the evils of war have come home to the cities of the North, and to a population influenced by none of those strong passions which have enabled the men of the South to endure the severest privations for so long a period of time.

#### THE SUEZ CANAL.

THERE has been so much mystery and contradiction about the real character of the Suez Canal scheme, that anything which purports to be an impartial report upon it has an especial attraction for all who are anxious to understand the genuine prospects of the undertaking. Hitherto we have had nothing but the extravagantly sanguine accounts of M. Lesseps and Mr. Lange on the one side, and the studiously disparaging criticisms of Robert Stephenson and others, who certainly did not enter upon the investigation with a favourable bias. The Egyptian Government seems to have felt itself almost as much in the dark as those who have a less immediate interest in the speculation, and the late Viceroy judiciously determined to obtain an opinion from an engineer of his own selection. The result is the report by Mr. Hawkshaw which has just appeared. Without pledging ourselves to accept all the calculations on which the English engineer has founded his conclusions, we may say at the outset that he does succeed in conveying, in a few pages, a very distinct idea of the nature of the works in progress.

The project of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez is suggested so naturally by the mere map of the country, that it is not surprising that it should have been eagerly taken up, again and again, in remote periods of the world's history. It is not merely that the waters of the North and the South are separated only by an interval of less than 100 miles, but the whole course of the proposed canal is along a valley, the greater part of which is already under water. Indications abound of the existence of a natural channel having once existed between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and there are no elevations of importance to be encountered at any point of the line. These are the great advantages which the undertaking presents in comparison with the kindred project of cutting the Isthmus of Darien, which is traversed from end to end by a lofty range of mountains. Of course there is another side to the question, and Mr. Hawkshaw does not deny, that there are considerable difficulties to be overcome, though he does not regard them as formidable in any other than a pecuniary sense. The account which he gives of the projected works is almost enough, even in this age, to alarm the most sanguine speculator; and yet, if Mr. Hawkshaw's judgment is to be relied on, there is nothing to prevent the completion and the maintenance of the work, beyond the pecuniary and other difficulties which necessarily attend an undertaking of such colossal magnitude.

Port Said, the proposed Mediterranean entrance of the Canal, lies almost as near the eastern extremity of the Delta as Alexandria does to the western. Between the two stretches the whole coast of the habitable part of Egypt, the shore line bulging out into the sea, and gradually extending itself outwards from the natural deposit of the river. Of the large shallow lakes or pools which fringe the shore, the most extensive is Lake Menzaleh, lying immediately behind the narrow strip of land which forms the shore in the neighbourhood of Port Said. The port itself is nearly in the centre of this strip, and only a few miles to the east of the Gemileh mouth, through which the waters of the lake, when swollen by the rising of the river, find their way in a rapid stream to the Mediterranean. From this point the Canal is to be dredged for about a third of its length through the shallow pool. Almost another third has to be formed in the same manner along the course of inland lakes, while the rest is to be excavated through the sands and rocks of the desert. The line which has been selected is in great part without a trace of fresh water, and the preliminary work of cutting a fresh-water canal from the Nile to the middle of the Isthmus, and thence by the side of the proposed salt-water cut to Suez, is in itself an enterprise of first-rate magnitude.

It has been so generally assumed that the success of the Canal scheme would be prejudicial to the interests of this country—and it is so certain that, in the progress of it, dangerous facilities would be given for French encroachment—that there has been little disposition in this country to inquire into the engineering merits of the plan, or into its prospects of pecuniary success. We shall follow Mr. Hawkshaw's example in laying aside for the present the political question, not because we are disposed to underrate its importance, but because it is impossible to form any sound judgment of the practicability of the scheme without freeing ourselves from the adverse bias which a reasonable suspicion of the designs of France is likely enough to produce.

The works already completed, though extremely small in comparison with what remains to be done, are far from insignificant. The fresh-water canal, though it has not yet been carried to the main stream of the Nile on the one side, or to Suez on the other, does connect the fresh-water supply of Ras-el-Wadi with the line of the ship canal at Lake Timsah, which is situated about halfway between the two seas. Besides this preliminary work, a portion of the canal itself, a few miles long, has been partially cut from Lake Timsah to Lake Menzaleh, and water communication for flat-bottomed boats now exists between Port Said and the centre of the Isthmus. Less than 8,000,000 yards of earthwork



have been excavated out of an estimated total of 125,000,000 for the canal alone, without reckoning the vast labour to be expended on the entrances into both seas, and on the completion of the fresh-water cut. What has been done is little more than to scratch the surface of the desert along the easiest part of the line which the canal is intended to traverse; and the importance of this fragment of the undertaking consists, not so much in its value as an integral part of the work, as in the evidence which it is supposed to furnish of the practicability of keeping the canal from filling up with the drift sand of the adjacent desert.

Assuming an unlimited supply of labour and funds, Mr. Hawkshaw gives apparently good reasons for his opinion that the projected work may be brought to a successful issue; and, indeed, this was scarcely questioned by Robert Stephenson and other engineers who took the most unfavourable view of the scheme. The real engineering difficulties are not in the construction, but in the maintenance, of the canal; and to these Mr. Hawkshaw mainly addresses himself. One great bugbear—an excessive difference of level between the two seas—has been got rid of by more careful observations, only to be replaced by a more serious difficulty. It seems now to be ascertained that the mean levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean are so nearly identical that the trifling tides alone can be relied on to produce the current necessary to scour the canal. When completed, the work will be, as Robert Stephenson said, a stagnant ditch; and all that Mr. Hawkshaw is able to urge to the contrary is, that occasional gales may produce an active current, and that, after all, the necessity of constant dredging is not so much an engineering as a pecuniary obstacle.

The canal can be made, and can be kept clear, at a certain cost; but it is not quite so certain that as much can be said of the sea entrances at either end. The forming of a passage into the deep water of the Red Sea is admitted to be a work of the utmost difficulty, as may well be imagined when it is borne in mind that, for two or three miles, an even channel has to be dredged through a sea crowded with shoals and sandbanks, and to be kept permanently open in the face of all the natural influences which will tend to fill it up. It is not even certain that rock may not be encountered, which would have to be removed by the costly and tedious process of submarine blasting; but, again, Mr. Hawkshaw may very probably be right in saying that the engineering obstacles are not too formidable to be overcome. The other extremity of the canal presents a new set of difficulties. After careful observations, Captain Spratt, who was employed by the Admiralty to report upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the Nile was continually pouring out vast masses of siliceous sand, which drifted along the coast in an easterly direction, right across the mouth of the proposed canal. The silt would in his opinion baffle all attempts to clear a passage by artificial means; and the canal would no sooner be finished than it would have to be abandoned. Mr. Hawkshaw seems to have taken some pains to combat this opinion. One great fact on which Captain Spratt relied in support of his theory that the Nile sand drifted past Port Said into the Bay of Pelusium, was the marked difference in the character of the sand on the two sides of the river delta. At Alexandria, on the west, the deposit was almost entirely calcareous, such as might be furnished by the abrasion of the cliffs. At Port Said, on the opposite side of the river mouths, almost the whole of the sand consisted of siliceous particles. Mr. Hawkshaw made a series of analyses to test these statements, and the result was to show a steady increase of siliceous sand at the mouth after another of the rivers was passed. In the absence of any other sufficient explanation, it is almost impossible to escape from the conclusion that the supply of silica is obtained from the river itself; and though Mr. Hawkshaw points out other possible sources, he has no hypothesis to account for the contrast observed between the sands deposited on the opposite sides of the delta. That a certain amount of silt will have to be annually removed must therefore be regarded as one of the settled conditions of the enterprise; and the feasibility of doing this once more resolves itself into a question of cost, even if it be true that by banking up the western side of the port, and by constant dredging, the requisite depth of water could be maintained. Mr. Hawkshaw pronounces absolutely that the quantity of sand which is swept past Port Said is not large, but the comforting assurance must be received with the qualification that no reason whatever is given for the opinion, and that it is not shared by other engineers. He does, however, point out one promising method of clearing the channel by stopping up the Gamitah mouth, and diverting the natural current through the Port Said approaches. If Mr. Hawkshaw's general conclusion that the difficulties of construction are not insurmountable by engineering skill be accepted, as it probably might be of this or any other project in the world, it is not quite easy to follow him in the further opinion that the cost of maintenance would be nothing extraordinary or unusual, or to put much trust in the rough estimate which he gives of the probable outlay required for the completion of the works. The sum of 10,000,000*l.*, which he names, is far from trifling, but there is enough on the face of the report to show (as Mr. Hawkshaw almost admits) that the materials scarcely existed for anything more than a mere guess. To mention only one point, which would vitiate any estimate of the kind, it seems to be tacitly assumed that some 30,000 labourers will always be forthcoming at the price hitherto paid for the forced labour which has already been prohibited. But it is not even here

that the prospects of the speculation are most unfavourable. If it be granted that the canal can be constructed for 10,000,000*l.*, and maintained for 60,000*l.* a year, it would still require a revenue of 600,000*l.* a year to make it a successful undertaking. It is almost acknowledged that the intricacies of the navigation of the upper part of the Red Sea and the exposed position of the Port Said anchorage would prevent any sailing ship from taking that route to India. Passengers by steamboats would gain little, if anything, by going through the canal instead of crossing the Desert on the railway, and embarking in another vessel. The whole of the enormous revenue we have mentioned would therefore, practically, have to be levied on the cargoes of steam ships. Whether this mode of transit for ordinary goods will ever be adopted to such an extent as to supply sufficient basis for this load of taxation, is a question on which any amount of speculation may be indulged; but at present such a result is so far removed from actual experience, that the canal might probably be postponed for a century without any serious injury to those for whose benefit it is supposed to be designed. That, in the meantime, the glory, and perhaps the interests, of France might be materially promoted by the extension of her influence in Egypt, is a consideration which cannot be expected to have much weight with the Viceroy of Egypt, or with those nations whose policy it is to maintain the independence of a country which, whether with or without the canal, lies on the high road to India.

The utmost that Mr. Hawkshaw's report seems to have established is, that the scheme is not in an engineering sense impossible, that there are no means of estimating the cost, and no data to justify the expectation of a revenue which would pay a dividend, even on the conjectural estimates of M. Lesseps himself. If this be the real character of the undertaking, it is as unnecessary as unfair to depreciate it still further by exaggerating the engineering obstacles, which might very possibly give way to skill and money, if money and skill could be supplied *ad libitum*.

#### THE ROUPELL CASE.

THE case of *Roupell v. Hans*, which occupied the Court at Chelmsford for eight or nine days, was certainly one of the most singular trials that ever occurred; but, long as it was, the main facts of it fell within a narrow compass, and raised questions which it was difficult to decide, not so much on account of the intricacy of the facts themselves, as on account of the difficulty of saying what degree of weight was to be attached to the direct assertions of a few of the witnesses. The general nature of the question at issue was simple enough. William Roupell, formerly member for Lambeth, was brought up from the prison where he is confined under a sentence of penal servitude for life, to give evidence of which the effect would be to recover for his family property worth about 200,000*l.*, which had been conveyed to a variety of *bonâ fide* purchasers and mortgagees in the course of the last few years. The undisputed facts of the case were these. Richard Roupell, the father, had originally owned the property. He died on September the 12th, 1856, leaving Richard Roupell, the only one of his family who had been born after his marriage, his heir at law. Richard Roupell the younger was, therefore, entitled to eject the defendants, who were mortgagees in possession, unless they could show a superior title. Their title consisted of a mortgage deed executed in July 1857, by William Roupell, who claimed a right to the property by reason of a deed of gift from his father, dated in January 1856, and purporting to be attested by two witnesses, Dove and Truman. In order to defeat this title, William Roupell declared that he had forged the deed in question, and that this forgery was part of a long series of frauds which he had carried on with relation to his father's property for many years. His account was that his father treated him with extreme stinginess, making him an allowance first of 1*l.* and then of 25*s.* a week, down to the time of his death. He had, however, large dealings and speculations on his own account, the nature of which was not explained. In 1855 he was in great difficulties, and in the July of that year his father, in order to save certain fees on enfranchisement, surrendered into his name some copyhold property in Essex, part of the land in dispute. Under the pretence that he required the title-deeds for some purpose connected with this business, he obtained them from his father. Amongst these deeds were the counterparts of leases of the two farms in dispute. In order to increase the apparent value of the property, so as to be able to raise a larger sum upon it than he could otherwise have obtained, he copied out the leases, altering the terms for which the farms were let, and increasing the rental. He then got his sister to write the draft of a letter, to be signed by his father, requesting Mr. Whitaker, an attorney with whom he was closely connected, to prepare a deed of gift of the property in question from his father to himself. Mr. Whitaker prepared the deed. William Roupell forged his father's signature to it, and got the two witnesses, Truman and Dove, to attest the forged signature, by telling them that it was his own signature to a lease, and hiding the attestation clause with his hand while they put their names to it. The deeds thus forged were used, in the first instance, to procure an advance from Whitaker, with whom they were deposited as a security. There was afterwards a negotiation with a Mr. Longman for a mortgage of the same property, but it went off, because Mr. Longman thought it would be prudent to know from old Roupell that the deed of gift was genuine. At last, in July 1857, the

property was mortgaged to the defendants in the action tried at Chelmsford.

In the meantime, old Roupell received the rents of the farms in question down to his death, which took place on the 12th of September, 1856. On the 30th of August in that year, he added a codicil to a will which he had executed in October 1850. The codicil appointed new executors, and confirmed the old will. Two days afterwards the old man fell ill; and on the 12th of September he died. As soon as he was dead, his son examined his will; and, finding that it left the property to his brother, he put it into his own desk, got a form of a will from a law stationer, copied it out, leaving the whole of the property to his mother, and making himself and her joint executor and executrix. He witnessed the will in his own name, and forged the name of an old man called Mugeridge as the second witness. This will was duly proved, and by means of the authority which it conferred, and the influence which he exercised over his mother, William Roupell was enabled, in the course of the next few years, to make away with nearly the whole of the property. It was for the forgery of this will that Roupell was sentenced to the punishment which he is at present undergoing.

Such was the story for which Roupell claimed belief, and the rest of the evidence given for the plaintiff at the trial was directed almost exclusively to its corroboration. It is obvious enough that a man who comes forward to tell such a tale can be entitled to credit only if it is found upon inquiry to supply the connecting links between other facts proved by unsuspected witnesses; though it must also be observed that Roupell gave a guarantee of the truth of part of it at least, than which nothing more stringent can be imagined, for the sentence of penal servitude for life (whatever that may mean) was the penalty for telling the story which he told. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that, before returning to England a year ago, Roupell must have been leading a wretched life—that he was in every way a ruined man—and that, if he recovered a splendid fortune for his family, he might, under our strange system of distinguishing between real and nominal punishments, look forward to not merely freedom, but ease, if not wealth, at a time by no means too distant to be the subject of expectation and hope.

No doubt, however, the real question was how far he was corroborated. The first point in the case was that the leases were indisputably forged. The fact that the lower, and not the higher rents, were paid, proved that fact beyond a doubt, nor was it denied on the part of the defendants. On the contrary, they made it the foundation of the ingenious and somewhat elaborate theory by which they tried to explain the case. They contended that, as Roupell had forged the leases with a view to defraud the mortgagees as to the value of the property, he set up the story that the deed of gift was forged, in order, as it were, to trump the mortgagees, and induce them to keep silence as to the forged leases. "If you expose my forgery of the leases, I will destroy your title by saying I forged the deed as well." This is not a little like cutting off one's head to protect one's nose. Apart, however, from the admitted forgery of the leases, there was the fact that both Dove and Truman swore that they never attested any deed at all for old Roupell; and though, no doubt, their attestation was not necessary to the validity of the deed, which would have been good without any witnesses at all, a more hopeless task can hardly be imagined than that of defending the authenticity of a signature against the direct evidence of the two witnesses by whom it purports to be attested. How far these witnesses were really shaken in cross-examination it is impossible to ascertain from the reports (mercifully compressed) in the daily papers. If they spoke the truth, there was, it would seem, an end of the case. The corroboration of William Roupell's younger sister was by no means an unimportant part of the case. She swore that she wrote, from her brother's dictation, the letter which purported to be signed by her father, and on the authority of which Mr. Whitaker prepared the deed of gift from old Roupell to his son. She must have been about eighteen or nineteen at the time. This would go far to show that the letter, and therefore that the deed, was a forgery. In the absence of some positive grounds for thinking so, it ought not to be assumed that a sister would perjure herself for the sake of helping her brother to deceive the world into the belief that he had committed several forgeries of which he was innocent. Such was the broad outline of the case—such the principal circumstances connected with it. Its enormous length was owing principally to the excessive obstinacy with which the admissibility of every item of evidence was discussed, and to the number of witnesses who were called upon the question of handwriting—a question which admits of endless subtleties in the way of argument, and boundless expense in the way of multiplying witnesses. It is impossible for any one who was not so unfortunate as to hear the case, and to have to examine the different documents connected with it, to form any opinion whatever on the way in which old Mr. Roupell wrote his o's and e's, and made the flourish at the end of his name. Such discussions must of necessity end in mere clouds and darkness. When handwriting comes into question, there will always be an abundance of people to swear each way, who will be ready to assign a number of more or less ingenious arguments in justification of their respective opinions.

The real strength of the defendant's position no doubt lay in what may be called the substantial merits of the case. Certainly nothing could be imagined more cruel than the hardship which a verdict for the plaintiffs would have inflicted upon them; and

no doubt the wonderful mass of falsehoods of which William Roupell claimed the infamy was enough to dispose any jury, if they could possibly do so, to adopt any hypothesis whatever which would not make it necessary to deprive innocent persons of what might very probably constitute the principal part of their livelihood. This seems to have been the ground on which some of them entertained a doubt whether old Roupell might not have signed the deed, although they thought that the attestations to it were forged, and though they believed also that the will of 1856 was forged. It is quite impossible—and if it were possible, it would hardly be desirable—to prevent juries from looking at the consequences of their verdicts, and at the moral deserts and demerits of those on whose claims they have to decide; and certainly no one will be dissatisfied at seeing great difficulties interposed between the Roupell family and the estates which one of their number so shamefully alienated. But at the same time it cannot be denied that, if the defendants were shamefully ill-used in the first instance, the jury have taken what in criminal trials is euphemistically called "a very merciful view of their case."

#### THE CUP DAY AT GOODWOOD.

THE result of the race for the Goodwood Cup goes far to prove that the three-year-old fillies of the present season are better than the colts. The celebrated French filly, La Touques, justified the confidence of her supporters by beating Buckstone completely; but she was herself compelled to yield to an English filly which had been much less talked about, viz. Isoline. The defeat of Buckstone was not at all discreditable, for it was not surprising that even his powerful frame proved unequal to the task of carrying a weight of 9st. 7lbs. over two and a half miles of ground. A good three-year-old, being required to carry only 7st. 7lbs., ought to beat horses a year older running under 9st., unless they are of extraordinary quality. Buckstone's speed and staying power have been proved both in races which he did not win, and notably by his memorable victory over Tim Whiffler for the Ascot Cup. But as his success at Ascot imposed on him a penalty of 7lbs. for Goodwood, and thus brought up the weight he had to carry to 9st. 7lbs., it could scarcely be hoped that he would pull through, if his three-year-old competitors turned out as good as one of them was reported. The French mare, La Touques, ran second to The Ranger for the Grand Prix at Paris, a few days after the English Derby, beating, among other horses, Lord Clifden and Saccharometer. Adding to the difference for the year Buckstone's penalty, and the allowance of 4lbs. for La Touques' sex, the total difference between their weights amounted to 2st. 4lbs. It was not wonderful that, upon these terms, Buckstone should be beaten by La Touques, or by any other filly of equal merit. The winner, Isoline, ran third for the Oaks in the colours of Mr. Parr, and she was purchased afterwards by Mr. Naylor, who has thus contrived to add that highly-valued trophy, the Goodwood Cup, to those richer pecuniary prizes the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. The success of Isoline at Goodwood affords ground for arguing that Queen Bertha, who won the Oaks, is likely to succeed hereafter. This opinion expressed itself, immediately after the race for the Goodwood Cup, in the betting which took place on the St. Leger. Queen Bertha was backed for that race at 8 to 1, upon the calculation that, if she is better than Isoline, who is better than La Touques, she is at least as good as The Ranger, and better than Lord Clifden. Such calculations are, to a certain extent, useful; but it is unsafe to rely upon them confidently.

The hope of seeing a return match, at Goodwood, between Tim Whiffler and Buckstone, was extinguished by the striking out of Tim Whiffler's name a few days before the race. But, indeed, that hope was almost inappreciably small, for it was not to be supposed that Tim could, in a few weeks, recover from that terrible struggle and defeat at Ascot, if, indeed, he ever recovers from it at all, so as to be like his old self upon a race-course, which is doubtful. It is not to be imagined that Buckstone was wholly unaffected by the efforts which he was compelled to make to secure victory over Tim Whiffler, and perhaps it was rather too hard of Mr. Merry to run him again so soon under a crushing weight, and against an antagonist of such formidable reputation as La Touques. It will be remembered that a year ago, Tim Whiffler—being then in his very best form, and carrying only three-year-old weight—won the Goodwood Cup "in a canter, by twelve lengths," leaving at that distance in his rear Zetland, who was followed after another long interval by The Wizard. It is curious that last year two brown colts, Tim Whiffler and Zetland, were placed first and second for the Goodwood Cup, and this year the same distinction has been gained by two chestnut fillies, Isoline and La Touques. This, and some earlier facts in the history of contests for this prize, go far to prove that three-year-olds are unduly favoured. Zetland ran again this year, but he did not come at all near winning. Lord St. Vincent, to whom he belongs, had intended to run another horse, Bellman, who, however, became disabled in the race for the Stakes the day before. Another acquaintance of last year was Fairwater, now a fine-looking mare of five years old, and carrying only 4lbs. less than Buckstone. Her performance this year was very good, and proves that the excuse offered for her failure a year ago was not without foundation. The only other candidates were the American mare Myrtle, who received



the allowance in weight due to horses bred in America and the colonies, and the Duke of Beaufort's "pure bred Barb," Mazagan, who received an allowance large enough to show that the breed to which he belongs, if he is a fair sample of it, is quite unfit to contend with English race-horses over an English course.

When the seven competitors paraded past the stand, Buckstone, leading the van, looked all that his friends could desire, but it would be an improvement in his appearance if he could leave off the habit which he has of looking back over his shoulder as he walks. His short back and strong loins were as conspicuous as ever, and his supporters, as they looked at them, wished that the finish was, as at Ascot, up a stiff hill. Bigger and stronger even than Buckstone was Zetland, whose admirers hoped that, as Tim Whiffler was not present, he might improve upon the second place, which he obtained in this race last year. But weight will tell on the strongest frames, and Zetland has not improved enough in the year to carry 9st. as near the front as he did 7st. 7lb. last year. Fairwater, the most beautiful of the lot, was steadied by 9st. 3lb.; but her excellent public performances, aided by her good looks and the confidence of her owner, caused a general impression that, if anything over three years old beat Buckstone, it would be Fairwater.

In a race which preceded that for the Cup, the competitors trotted slowly for a considerable distance. The fashion thus set of taking things coolly was followed, for, in the Cup race, the lead was left without contest to the "pure bred Barb," Mazagan, during the first two miles. But, although the pace was moderate until the last half mile, weight and distance scattered the field almost as effectually as if a Tim Whiffler had been forcing the running from start to finish. The winner, Isoline, did not shake off all her opponents in Tim Whiffler's style, but she beat La Touques cleverly, and with something in hand. It is a pity that she is not engaged in the St. Leger, for which she could not fail to become a great favourite. Next to the two fillies, but beaten by ten or a dozen lengths, came Fairwater, followed by Buckstone and Zetland, neither of whom was persevered with beyond the distance. Myrtle came next, and the Barb trotted in last of all.

On the whole, it cannot be said that the racing on the Cup day was as interesting as it has sometimes been. The same observation applies to the proceedings of the day before. The Goodwood Stakes are scarcely less important than the Cup itself, and this race, being a handicap, possesses in an eminent degree that quality of uncertainty which belongs more or less to all races. The three-year-old, Anfield, marked out as the certain winner of the Stakes, was only able to obtain second honours. It was reported that he had been proved by careful trial to be better than Macaroni, but he was beaten by a horse named Blackdown, whom nobody ever heard of before, and who is stated to have been purchasable last winter for the very moderate price of 25*l.*—a statement which may, however, have been made in order to disguise the horse's quality. Another outsider, Jack of Hearts, rather distinguished himself by making the running from the start and finishing third. The Drawing-room Stakes, for three-year-olds, olds, on the same day, brought out the winner of the Derby, with whom only two horses ventured to contend. With odds freely betted on him, Macaroni, in spite of a penalty of 10*lbs.*, cantered in an easy winner. The last race of the day was really the only one which produced anything like a struggle. The four-year-old, Principal, and the three-year-old, Microscope, carrying about weight for age, made a magnificent finish, resulting in the victory of the old horse by a length.

The Goodwood meeting was favoured by delightful weather, and the beauties of that most picturesque race-course were never seen to greater advantage. This week will be remembered, as an example difficult to surpass, of what England can do in the way of summer when she tries. The meeting of 1863 will also be regarded with complacency for the proof which it afforded that the French mare La Touques, of whom her own nation thought so highly, really was very good, and also that it was possible to find in England another mare a trifle better. If it had happened that La Touques had beaten Isoline, there would still have been a partial salve available for English vanity in the observation that, although the winner was bred in France, she was trained at Middleham, in Yorkshire. But, however, La Touques just missed the prize, after running for it in a style which may well satisfy her countrymen. At any rate, she has beaten Buckstone; and another French mare, Stradella, beat The Marquis at Newmarket. It should be added that, in the Molecombe Stakes, for two-year-olds, on Thursday, the French Fille de l'Air beat, among others, Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief, whom the public have been very much disposed to elevate into the same position which Thormanby, Dundee, and Buckstone occupied for many months before the Derby.

The week of Goodwood races has been additionally distinguished by the appearance in it of a decision upon the long-pending Tomato case. There is not time now available to say more about this case than that it is wonderful how people could have brought themselves to think that it was doubtful.

#### THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FÊTE.

THE increased accessibility of the Crystal Palace and the wide-spread reputation of the Dramatic Fête occasioned a very numerous attendance at the annual celebration of that festival on Saturday and Monday last. The amusements consisted partly

of a repetition of artifices which have been successfully tried before, and partly of highly agreeable novelties. There was the usual crowd around the stalls of popular actresses. The ladies seemed principally attracted by curiosity, while the gentlemen were not unwilling to submit their pockets to depletion if they could contrive to approach near enough to undergo the pleasant process of being simultaneously fascinated and plundered. There have been a good many fancy fairs held this season, and if the same gentlemen have attended the entire course and have been purchasers whenever they approached a stall, they must by this time be in possession of an extensive, although not very various, accumulation of commodities of rather doubtful value. There was, indeed, one instance, a year ago, of a gentleman who acquired at a stall in the Dramatic Fête an article of exceptional utility—viz. a wife. It was stated in the programme of this year's fête that a lady, who had often aided on previous occasions, would be absent in consequence of a marriage which resulted from an acquaintance formed over a stall last year. It is to be hoped that other equally auspicious negotiations have been commenced in the fair lately held, and also that the parties to them will not forget the claim of the Dramatic College to certain dues upon "assignments, attachments, or betrothments" made within the precincts of the fair.

The most successful novelty of this year's fête was Wombwell's Menagerie, which all visitors pronounced to be a highly ingenious and diverting swindle. It was intimated that the wild beasts forming this exhibition were "not to be sold," but no corresponding assurance was offered in respect to those confiding persons who might come to see them. Notice was also given that the animals were well secured in cages, and parents and guardians were particularly informed that there was not the slightest danger. The outside of the show was adorned with splendid pictures of lions, tigers, and other terrors of the forest, and many persons believed that the interior would present the reality which the front appeared to promise. It is true that the dimensions of the show were manifestly inadequate for the accommodation of specimens of the larger tribes of savage animals, but then those dimensions were not likely to be accurately observed by the majority of visitors to the fair; and besides, there were real dogs and monkeys visible in the next booth, and, therefore, it did not seem impossible that the lions and tigers might be real also. Besides the amusement of the show itself, it was worth the money to observe the puzzled countenances of the visitors as their minds gradually opened to the perception that they had been made victims of a hoax. There were animals well secured in cages on either hand of the visitor on entering, but these animals were found on careful inspection to be mere stuffed skins. The larger animals were shrouded from observation by a curtain, and a policeman of a facetious turn of mind contributed to keep up the illusion by warning visitors not to approach too near to it. There were, however, two live animals in the show, which were pointed out to visitors as specimens of the "Jerusalem pony." It happened too, sometimes, that a real monkey from the next show descended by a rope among his fictitious brethren, so that altogether it was rather difficult to distinguish between the actual and the imaginary. The joke was excellently well sustained by the showman, who pointed with equal gravity to the live "Jerusalem ponies" and the stuffed bears, and requested particular attention to the she-bear which had suckled Orson. The exhibition concluded with the performance of the great lion-tamer, Van Amburgh, who, on the drawing aside of the curtain, was discovered in the centre of a group of lions, tigers, and a gorilla. "Mr. Van Amburgh," said the showman, "will put his head into the lion's mouth;" and, presently, "Mr. Van Amburgh will take it out again." The showman frequently requested the company to testify their approbation by a cheer which might be heard outside, and this request was heartily complied with, as indeed it deserved to be. A further refinement of ingenuity was shown in charging double for admission at "feeding time." A large piece of beef was allowed to be seen casually in front of the show, which was also adorned by the presence of several portly men in the costume of beef-eaters. With these materials at command, it is needless to say that the showman found no difficulty in justifying to his patrons the double tax which he had levied on them under the pretext of "feeding time."

Those visitors who remembered Mr. Toole and Mr. Paul Bedford with their peep-show of last year were certain to take the earliest opportunity of attending the lectures of those gentlemen at their "Paul-y-Toole-y-Technic Institution." Amid many entertainments which cannot be otherwise described than as trivial and frivolous, it was gratifying to find the Managers of the Dramatic Fête co-operating heartily with the Directors of the Crystal Palace in their great work of instructing and elevating and humanizing the popular mind. All judicious educators of youth are well aware of the advantage to be derived from such an exhibition as that already mentioned of wild beasts in awakening in the boyish mind a love for the study of natural history, and a longing to visit the haunts and observe the habits of those noble animals of which he has seen specimens in the show. It is thus that in youth is kindled that spirit of roving and adventure which results in manhood in such enterprises as have carried to earth's farthest confines the symbols of British power. For the bold and active boy there can be no more powerful incentive to an honourable career than is supplied by a show of wild beasts. And, again, for the studious, contemplative youth, what better direction can be given to the mind than by turning it towards

those marvels of art and science which have formed the subject of the illustrated lectures of Messrs. Toole and Bedford? Malevolent detractors have pretended that the Crystal Palace has fallen from its early promise, and become a mere resort of idlers, who desire only to lounge, gossip, stare, flirt, eat ices, lunch, and dine. It may suffice, by way of refutation of this calumny, to draw attention to the lecture on astronomy which formed the first of the series delivered at Messrs. Toole and Bedford's institution. In order to qualify himself for assisting at this lecture on astronomy, Mr. Bedford had for some months devoted himself to the study of the Greek language. Let it be considered whether such an example of steady, painstaking, conscientious application to a subject is not likely to have a most salutary effect upon the minds of those who witness it. Commencing with astronomy, this course of lectures embraced architecture, the laws of sound, the manners and customs of the New Zealanders, ghosts, and the crystal globe which displays the present and the future. "There are," said the lecturer, "several orders of architecture, as, for instance, the simple one, 'build me a house.'" The lecture on New Zealand was illustrated by the presence of a chief who had come from his native home in the Old Kent Road, with dreadful tomahawk and war-paint, to answer questions put to him by Mr. Toole, through Mr. Bedford as interpreter. It will be observed that the zeal of the last-named gentleman for acquiring and imparting knowledge had induced him to take the trouble to study the New Zealand as well as the Greek language. It was ascertained, through the medium of Mr. Bedford, that the chief, feeling a considerable appetite, was willing to perform a feat of high scientific interest, viz. to dine off pence and halfpence, to be collected for that purpose among the company. To the great disappointment of the audience, the lecturer's purpose was frustrated by some incautious person who put silver into the hat sent round to collect coppers. The New Zealand chief, while entertaining a partiality for copper, could not endure the sight of silver, which, indeed, had such an unfortunate effect upon his stomach as to take away all appetite for dinner. An interesting experiment was thus prevented, and the only use that could be made of the silver and copper money collected in the hat was to put it into the box appointed to receive donations for the Royal Dramatic College. As misfortunes never come alone, another lecture of the series was interrupted just at the moment of highest interest in an equally unexpected and vexatious manner. This was the lecture upon ghosts, in which Mr. Toole would have explained the nature of that wonderful apparition which secured to an institution similar to his own a long career of popularity. Mr. Toole was proceeding with his lecture, and the audience were expecting with mingled terror and delight the actual appearance of the ghost among them, when suddenly the lecturer was interrupted by the arrival of a letter from Lord Palmerston, announcing that the ghost was a registered invention, and that any infringement of proprietary right in it would render lecturer and audience liable to a penalty of 200*l*. Upon inquiry, it turned out that, unluckily, nobody in the lecture room had 200*l*. about him, and, therefore, there was no alternative but to pass on to the next lecture in the series.

Considering that the whole of the Crystal Palace was available for the purposes of this fête, there could be no necessity for crowding the different objects of interest so closely as that one spoiled another. Immediately adjoining Mr. Toole's lecture-room was the Richardsonian Theatre, an essential feature of which is a very noisy band which brays and bellows incessantly when the performance of the theatre is not going on, and sometimes when it is. No doubt the resemblance to a fair is very much enhanced by causing each set of candidates for public favour to bawl, and shout, and ply drums and trumpets against all the others. But then many things worth hearing run the risk of not being heard at all. It would have been a very great loss if Mr. Toole's lectures, or the showman's description of the wild beasts, had been drowned in clamour for the sake of carrying out the idea of a fair. The Richardsonian drama was of the usual character, and perhaps not altogether equal in merit to those of former years. It was, however, quite worth hearing, as well as seeing, or at least it began to be so after the actors had had time to become acquainted with their parts. The general effect of the fair must have been highly gratifying to all visitors; and certainly the zeal and talent displayed by the performers in it deserve the reward of seeing the realization of that future of the Dramatic College which was exhibited in the crystal globe at the termination of Messrs. Toole and Bedford's lectures. All who partook in the pleasures of this fête must hope to see the College prospering, but, at the same time, continuing to be just so much in want of money as to maintain the ardour of exertion in its behalf.

## REVIEWS.

### THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.\*

WE regard the appearance of the Cambridge Shakspeare as an epoch in editing the works of the foremost man in the dramatic world. Besides many positive virtues, in

this edition the hitherto prevailing errors are avoided. The gross blunders and unauthorised fancies of generations of editors are banished from the text; the more tolerable or the less noxious conjectures are removed to the notes; space is allowed and justice is rendered to all former labourers in the editorial field. He who is indifferent to verbal criticism may read in peace an orthodox text; and he who is curious in such matters will find various readings supplied to him in full measure. The laws which the editors have imposed on themselves are clearly and concisely stated in their preface. This is so brief, and yet so full of all needful information, that we shall not attempt to abridge it. It would argue very slight curiosity on the score of the Greek drama were any student of it to pass over Porson's preface to the four plays of Euripides—the preface which furnished the canon of all subsequent editions. It would betray similar indifference to the text of Shakspeare to slight the succinct yet complete proemium of his most recent editors. They have judiciously taken for the basis of their text that of the earliest edition of the collected plays—the folio of 1623. That volume, indeed, with all its imperfections, contains our title-deeds, and to substitute for it any one of the other folios is to introduce new flaws into the conveyance. Messrs. Clark and Glover, however, have not that implicit confidence in the folio of 1623 which led Mr. Charles Knight astray. When the first folio is corrupt, they have allowed some authority to the emendations of the second, third, and fourth, and have accepted the earlier quarto editions in preference to the first folio where the quartos have any authority. A just precedence is thus given to the earliest vouchers for the text, and subsequent conjecture is admitted to a hearing only when such documents are incurably at fault. *Datur hæc venia antiquitati.*

The present edition was not sent forth to the world without a previous experiment upon the scheme of it, and on the public disposition to receive a new revision of Shakspeare's text. In the spring of 1860 the First Act of *Richard II.* was printed by way of specimen, with a preface signed "W. G. Clark," and "H. R. Luard," where the principles on which the proposed edition should be based were set forth with the view "of obtaining opinions as to the feasibility of the plan and suggestions as to its improvement." This appeal was satisfactorily responded to, and its reception fully warranted the editors in proceeding with their complete recension. The labour they have undergone can be estimated by such persons alone as have been engaged in similar undertakings. The modesty, however, with which Messrs. Clark and Glover—Mr. Luard was compelled to retire from the editorial firm by the duties of his office as University Registrar—speak of their pains in collation and revision, stands in striking contrast to the trumpet-tongued notes of self-laudation in which it was once the fashion for Shakspearian editors and critics to indulge. And if we find in the Cambridge Shakspeare no offensive self-complacency, we are delivered from a yet greater nuisance also—the records of editorial feuds and carpings. Shakspeare is at last rescued from the hands of his enemies. A *trux Dei* is at last proclaimed. A Capulet Steevens no longer tilts with a Montagu Malone. The scaffolding of notes that in the *variorum* editions almost hid the edifice of the text, is pulled down. If we do not read the words that in all cases were written in Shakspeare's fair and unblotted copies, we at least are now enabled to see an approximating transcript of them, free from the annoyance of Warburtonian *fiat*, or the occasionally shrewd, yet more often rash and injurious surmises of the mischievous "Puck" editor, George Steevens. By no means the least pleasing feature of the Cambridge Shakspeare is the fair and even indulgent tone in which the editors speak of their predecessors. While their shortcomings are noticed, due and even full credit is awarded to them for their pains and zeal. From the nature of their own comment, Messrs. Clark and Glover cannot fail to disapprove both the system followed by many of the earlier editors, and still more the temper displayed by them, and the language in which their notes are often couched. We are at times partly amused and partly scandalized by the manner in which some of these worthies performed their task, and by the condescending tone they adopt towards Shakspeare himself. The late Dean Ireland was an annotator of this kind. He was, in his own opinion, too good for his work; although we could never discover that the venerable Doctor was ever better employed than he was while writing critical remarks on the plays of Massinger. Warburton, who wasted his life in bolstering up, with often shallow and generally ill-directed learning, a theory radically unsound, or in the even idler occupation of quarrelling with all and sundry, forsooth apologizes for having bestowed some of his time on Shakspeare. After telling his readers that, in his notes on the poet, he had taken "in the whole compass of criticism—had religiously observed the severe canons of criticism," he adds, "These notes, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when many years ago I used to turn over these sort of writers to unbend myself from more serious applications." We know not whether the arrogance of this Right Rev. Don Pomposo be more or less offensive than the feeble inanity of that Sir Amorous La-Fool, Sir Thomas Hanmer. He—this Hanmer—was commonly reported to have slept in white kid gloves, and in such gloves he appears to have edited the Oxford Shakspeare:—

One of the great admirers (Hanmer is good enough to say) of this incomparable author had made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and, according to the best of his judgment, to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed

\* *The Works of William Shakspeare.* Edited by William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge; and John Glover, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vols. I. & II. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.



nothing to himself but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other gentlemen, equally fond of the author, desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them.

Had Charles Lamb been acquainted with this precious bit of "excellent fooling," he would have added it to his samples of the "Noble and Genteel Style in Writing."

The abuse of one another, in which the earlier school of editors indulge, is scarcely more out of place or more offensive than their mutual laudation. An amendment, and by no means a happy one, of Warburton's is pronounced by Johnson to "set the critic almost on a level with the author." Nothing can match such absurdities, except certain verdicts on Shakspeare in the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* he declares to be "the most insipid, ridiculous play he had ever seen." Pepys, on a rainy day we presume, read *Othello*; but, "having lately read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, *Othello* seemed a mean thing." The virtuoso Evelyn is as good a judge of Shakspeare as the tailor's son, or the eighteenth-century commentators. In 1661 Evelyn "saw *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, played; but now, the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since His Majesty has been so long abroad." Another polite writer, the author of the *Characteristics*, told his countrymen that "the British muses were in their infant state"—i.e. Shakspeare and Milton, to say nothing of Chaucer and Spenser, or any of the dramatic poets—"without anything of shapeliness or person, lisping in their cradles, with stammering tongues, which nothing but their youth and rawness can excuse."

We have not space or inclination to glance at many similar heresies of the same kind—such as Pope's notion that *Ferrex* and *Porrex* was a better model for dramatic composition than Shakspeare's plays, or Rymer's sweeping condemnation of his barbaric productions. We have noticed a few only of these marvellous samples of Shakspearian criticism, in order to set in clearer light the tolerance and forbearance of his present excellent editors.

The history of the received text of Shakspeare is scarcely less curious than the story of his life. Of his life, the only certain facts are, that he was born and died in the same place; that he married and had children; that he restored, and indeed elevated, a decayed family; that he made a will, and had money and lands to bequeath, and that he passed among his generation for a successful writer of plays and a shrewd man of business. And this is really the sum of our knowledge of one whose praise is in the mouths of the most civilized and intellectual portions of the world, and whose works have passed through two hundred and sixty-two different editions! Here, on the one hand, is a proof of Shakspeare's popularity, but here also, on the other, is an effect of there having been no *editio princeps* on which any reliance could be placed. For such an edition there were materials at hand far transcending in value the best manuscripts of Greek or Latin writers collected by Poggio or edited by Politian. Shakspeare's "mind and hand"—his first editors put on record, to their own confusion in all after-time—"went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Then, good men Dogberry and Verges, whence proceed the intolerable blunders of your folio of 1623? Why, as it is probable you did, did you prefer to your deceased friend and partner's manuscripts "transcripts made from them for the use of the theatre?" You assert in your smart preface that all the separate editions of his Plays were "stolen," "surreptitious," and "imperfect." What, then, ailed you to print from some of these, and "oversee," as you literally did, the original unblotted copies? We think that Messrs. Clark and Glover are charitable overmuch in saying that, in spite of one "suggestio falsi," and probably of another, "We like to think of Heminge and Condell as honourable men, having been Shakspeare's friends and fellows." Had they taken honest pains with the materials in their possession, we might have had, a century ago, a *Cambridge* edition of Shakspeare, and the famous comparison between the poet worried by his commentators and Actæon by his dogs would have been idle.

The dates of the editions enumerated by Messrs. Clark and Glover suggest some speculation on the progress of Shakspeare's renown. There is ground for surmising that Rowe, a wit of the coffee-houses, and the first editor of Shakspeare in the modern sense, introduced him to Steele, Addison, and the fine writers of the last century. They would seem to have known him originally, as many persons still know him, only through the medium of the stage. Steele, for example, in the *Tatler*, cites a speech of Macduff's from memory, and cites it erroneously, betrays ignorance of the existence of Lady Macbeth, and complains that "all Shakspeare's female characters make so small a figure." This may well have been the case at a time when Macbeth was altered by Davenant into an opera and accompanied by music and dancing! "Though a deep tragedy," Davenant had found, in his supposed father's play, "a strange perfection for a divertissement." The author of the frigid *Cato* can hardly have been expected to relish *Lear* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, although he was among the first to recognise the merits of *Chevy Chase*. Accordingly, we find Addison condemning Shakspeare as "very faulty in hard metaphors and forced expressions," and he joins him with Nathaniel Lee as affording "instances of the false sublime." The public, indeed, after the Restoration, could not brook Shakspeare unaltered, but must needs have him, as they imagined, civilized and "improved." Even at the present hour, we have not quite got rid of the old leaven, and tolerate modifications of his dramas, and even interpolations in them, that would have made the judicious author grieve. The homage of the last

century to Shakspeare was expressed in almost decennial editions of his works, and in volumes of wrangling about his meaning. Yet Farmer, Steevens, and Malone uttered no protest against the patching of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* with that of Thompson, or against Cibber's alteration of *Richard III.*, or the still more flagitious mutilation of *Lear* by Nahum Tate.

We trust that, as the mode of editing Shakspeare has in the present century been greatly amended, so there will be a similar improvement in the representation of his Plays. Messrs. Clark and Glover are discreetly and delicately silent about the merits of living editors. We shall follow their example—expressing, however, our opinion, that, considerable as are the merits of Messrs. Singer, Collier, and Dyce, the plan adopted by the Cambridge editors is the most sound and hopeful that has hitherto been adopted. They are at once conservative and progressive. They have taken their station on the ancient ways, departed from them when misdirected, and followed them when rightly laid down. They have undertaken their pious office with a due sense of its responsibility; they have spared themselves no labour; they have been most considerate to their predecessors, and have availed themselves of assistance from every quarter. The following words at the conclusion of their Preface, if they do not disarm criticism, must at least bespeak favour for the editors:—

In conclusion, we commend this volume, the first product of long labour, to the indulgent judgment of critics. In saying this, we are not merely repeating a stereotyped phrase. We have found errors in the work of the most accurate of our predecessors. We cannot hope to have attained perfect accuracy ourselves, especially when we consider the wide range which our collation has embraced, and the minute points which we have endeavoured to record; but, at all events, we have spared no pains to render our work as exact as we could. Those who have ever undertaken a similar task will best understand the difficulty, and will be most ready to make allowance for shortcomings. "Expertus discas quam gravis iste labor."

A word of commendation is due to the publishers as well as the editors of the Cambridge Shakspeare. Their type and paper combined render these volumes among the choicest specimens of recent printing. Their octavos are handsome as well as handy.

#### DENISE.\*

THERE are many novels published with which critics have nothing to do. They are not absurd enough or have no absurdity of a typical kind sufficient to make them amusing, and they have no literary pretensions whatever. They are simply the products of writers who know that the circulating libraries must be supplied, and who are very willing to supply them if a bargain can be arranged. The stream of novels poured forth every month would astonish any one who was not accustomed to it, and who had not had occasion to notice what kind of compositions will content the habitual novel reader. But every now and then a tale is written which deserves notice, and a modest fame of its own, although its merits are not of a very aspiring type. *Denise* seems to us to belong to this class. Although not so good as its predecessor, *Mademoiselle Mori*, it is so well written—there is so much refinement and unambitious grace in its composition, and it accomplishes so well the object which it makes its special aim—that it can scarcely fail to please even those readers who profess that they read no novels but really good ones. It introduces us to a scenery and a population new to most of us, and it does this with great fidelity, vivacity, and graphic power. A tale that really paints the little sea-coast towns of Provence has a substantial value which takes it out of the list of the ordinary novels, that deserve the immediate oblivion into which, when they are published in parts, it may be literally said that they fall before they are written.

The story is not a very elaborate one. Denise, a young lady who has been brought up in England, but is of French extraction, arrives one autumn evening at Farnoux. She expects to find there her only surviving relative, a maiden aunt, but her aunt is an eccentric being, devoted to landscape drawing, and apt to leave home on long expeditions. So her aunt's fellow-residents at Madame Rocca's have to take her in, and she makes her first acquaintance with Farnoux before her aunt returns. It appears that all the interest of Farnoux is centred in its castle, inhabited by a decayed noble family bearing the same name as the town. The present Baron de Farnoux is a rigid economist, who, having had as his mission in life to make a great match and restore the fortunes of his family, has ended by marrying a vulgar woman without a sixpence. She has, however, a pretty daughter, and the Baron has a nephew and heir, and the young people and the mamma are of opinion that Fate meant Gaston to marry Lucile—an idea horrible to the Baron, who sees in the notion only the repetition of his own error. Denise is destined to cut across this thread of family history. Her mother was a De Farnoux, a young lady whom her friends gave out as dead, but who in reality had run away with the steward. When the aunt returns, she sees that it must before long come to the knowledge of the Baron that he has a niece at Farnoux, and the catastrophe very soon happens. The Baron thinks that there is only one way by which the secret of Denise's birth can be kept in the family. She must marry Gaston; and, although the Baron has not much power in life to bring about this result, he can do a good deal by dying. So he goes out on the hills and considerably falls asleep on the brink of a putrid

\* *Denise*, by the author of "*Mademoiselle Mori*." London: Bell & Daldy. 1863.

cistern. When his will is read, it turns out that he has left all his property to Gaston provided that he marries Denise. Gaston is faithful to his existing love, and is ready to relinquish everything for Lucile. But Lucile's mother does not think Gaston worth her daughter's acceptance if he comes without the possessions of his family. So Lucile is coaxed and forced into marrying some one else, and then Gaston, after a period of dismay and indignation, comes to think that he may as well marry Denise. With admirable frankness he tells Denise that he does not pretend to care for her, but that family reasons would make a marriage convenient to him and to her. She considers it her business to accept him, and they are married. The wedding comes in that place in a novel which portends temporary disaster. Denise gets to love Gaston, but Gaston thinks he is bound to the memory of Lucile. An experienced novel-reader knows that Gaston will of course come round. Nothing can be more simple than the process by which the change is effected. Gaston goes away for some months to hunt after some manuscripts necessary for an historical work he is contemplating. Denise stays at home, pines, and gets thin. At last Gaston comes back, and Denise springs forward to meet him with a burst of joy far beyond the limits of her usual demonstrations. Her ardour shows that she is now happy, and her thinness shows that she has been unhappy. Gaston puts the two things together, and divines that she has got thin for him. No husband can wish for more than this, and so they come to a thorough understanding, and Denise vanishes out of the story as a happy heroine.

There is not much interest in all this, and what interest there is decreases as the tale goes on. The wedded sorrows of Gaston and Denise are in the highest style of simplicity, and none of the persons of the story, except, perhaps, Denise's aunt, can be said to have any distinct character. The most that can be said is, that the narrative is neatly told, and the dialogue is natural and not stupid. Throughout, the English is easy, and an air pervades the whole which saves even its less pretentious parts from mediocrity. But there would be very little to say about *Denise* were it not for the skill and fidelity with which the scenery and the life of a small town in the South of France are photographed. The authoress has the art of setting before us a vivid picture without any very elaborate description or any exaggeration of local colouring. She has observed the whole aspect of the kind of place she describes, and has entered into the ways of those who live there until she can put them down on paper for the benefit of her readers. She makes us see, so far as written words can make us see, the old houses "with grated windows, steep ascents, archways, and flights of steps, with here and there an orange garden nestled among the rocks, which, altogether ousted from the lower part of the town, gradually reappear in the upper, here heven into the staircase in which the street terminates, and there jutting up behind a dwelling." The general character of the inhabitants is described by saying that they are separated from the nearest town by fourteen miles of white, dusty, hilly road; but "they are easily satisfied; as the events occurring in those barbarous regions where there are no olives or orange-trees do not interest them much." Several specimens of this happy population pass before us. There is Madame Pitre, who is a friend of Denise's aunt, and houses Denise before her aunt returns. The residence of this lady, with its two little rooms, the closet allotted to Denise, and the other used by Madame Pitre as bedroom and *salon*, rises like a little engraving, as we read. "A little alcove, shut off by a white curtain, contained the bed, above which was a crucifix and a branch of consecrated box. Two tables, a large bureau, and some chairs, formed the furniture of the room, whose floor was brick, and uncarpeted. Above the mantelpiece was a large, villanous daub of a Holy Family, flanked by two Turkish scent-bottles, standing on each side of a small frame containing a representation of a weeping willow done in the hair of several deceased relatives of Madame Pitre." Then, again, there is Zon, the servant of Madame Rocca, who lets out the several apartments—a gipsy-looking girl, alert, bold-eyed, with a yellow *fichu* on her head, and a merry smile. Denise, on being questioned, explains to Zon that London is much bigger than Farnoux, and is, in fact, so large that you might drive all day about it, and not see a single tree or field; to which Zon ingenuously replies, "Dame, how beautiful it must be! No trees, nor fields, nor mountains, nor even the sea; what a grand place!" And Madame Rocca and her husband are not to be forgotten. She is one of those women whose lives are spent in devising small economies. She makes her little boy play in some dark cloisters, and keep out of the garden, lest he should pluck the violets, which are capable of being sold at a distillery; and she keeps the strictest watch over her husband, "a fat, whiskerless, smiling little bourgeois, looking younger than his wife," and who complains to Denise the first time he sees her that his wife has the one fault of being too severe. "She does not approve of the *cercle*, nor of the chase; she even objects to the most innocent little walks on the Boulevards." So he, unlike his son, is not only permitted, but forced to go into the garden, and there pretends to work and keeps himself out of the reach of feminine inspection.

One of the prettiest passages in the story relates an expedition which Denise makes with her aunt in her early days at Farnoux. Her aunt tells her that she is sick of Farnoux, and is going off to lodge for a few days with some peasant friend in what she calls a "little lodge in a garden of cucumbers." She proceeds to make one of those remarks that show how much the authoress has thought over the scenery familiar to her. "There's a great deal here that reminds one of what travellers tell of Palestine—corn,

wine, and oil; white rocks; the *Rochers rouges* out yonder for the hills of Edom, low walls with vines running over them; the same Sea." Denise and her aunt set off to this retreat, and it is very early when they start, and Denise for the first time sees the sun rise. She has not very far to go. An hour's walk seems to take her far from Farnoux, for the scenery changes very quickly. She walks among "the land of the olive rather than the vine; but still with occasional vineyards, looking as if a crop of little black imps were springing up in them, for the young leaves had not yet budded forth on the bare *ceps*." The destination of the travellers is a cottage in one of these vineyards. They are welcomed by the wife; but the husband, who is close at hand among his vines, cannot attend to say more than a sentence to them, for "the peasant of Provence works hard for all he gains, and the arid soil, except in the most favoured spots, will yield nothing that it is not forced to do." The cottage is then described, with its one large lower room, unfurnished and unused, where a great jar of oil stood, and the chickens roosted on the beam above. Above, Denise finds three rooms—the family bedroom, containing a vast bed with coverlet, curtains, and pillows of blue check; the kitchen beyond, bright with green or yellow water-jars, modelled as the gourds of the country; and the special room which Denise's aunt has hired, and has had furnished for herself. Denise, of course, goes to the window to enjoy the view, and notices how "the southern peasant cares little for the flower-garden, with its unproductive beauty; but nature will sometimes outmatch him, and here a caper had niched itself into the wall of the house, and there a gourd had thrown its broad-leaved wreaths over the stone steps, and a rose-bush, carelessly stuck into the ground, had become almost a tree, all covered with fresh blossoms, which its mistress plucked to set on the altar of the Virgin in the village church." Denise is enchanted, and begins to imagine her life as henceforth to be spent among the hills, "with blue sky above and blue sea below, and nothing to recall social existence except the distant sound of the Angelus, from a village out of sight, when the evening shades began to creep over the landscape." There is nothing very remarkable in this description, but it is delicate and free; just as there is no great imagination shown in the conception of the characters whom Denise meets with at Farnoux; but they have an air of reality, and assure us that the authoress must have known people exactly like them. There is something in *Denise* that is worth recollecting, and that impresses itself on the memory, besides much that is pleasant to read, and a tale never below that level of gentle interest which satisfies the ambition of a ladylike writer.

#### THE RUSSIAN CONSPIRATORS OF 1825.\*

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago, Russia was placed in a position not a little similar to that which it now occupies. The same dangers menaced the country, the same difficulties beset the Government, the same ideas were stirring in the minds of its friends and foes. Then, as in our own day, an Alexander reigned at St. Petersburg, and a Grand Duke Constantine was holding an unquiet rule at Warsaw. The character of the Emperor was not unlike that of his nephew, the present Czar, and the measures which he at one time intended to introduce were the forerunners of those which are now under trial. Had he remained faithful to the engagements into which he prematurely entered, and had the generous sentiments which animated his youth been able to retain their influence throughout his career, the history of his reign might have been a record of successes instead of failures; the dangers to which he exposed himself and the fortunes of his house would probably have been averted, and he might have made devoted friends of the men whom he turned into his bitterest foes. Unfortunately for Russia, he became appalled by the magnitude and difficulty of the task he had undertaken; and, abandoning the kindly sympathies and noble aspirations which had at first distinguished him, he surrendered himself to evil counsellors and allowed their ways to become his ways. But the recollection of the hopes he had once entertained pursued him in his retreat, and, as he grew embittered by the consciousness of failure, the natural melancholy of his character deepened into gloom, until what might have been a happy and a sunny life ended amidst the thick darkness of despair.

His death precipitated the outburst of an insurrection for which measures had long been concerted. A feeling of discontent had been gradually spreading among the younger officers of the army, and the Emperor was well aware that there was scarcely a regiment on which he could implicitly rely. From time to time warnings had been given him of the existence of a mysterious Secret Society which had extended its ramifications in all directions, the object of which was to overthrow the Imperial Government. The uneasiness caused by the imperfect information he received aggravated the restlessness which, during the latter years of his life, drove him from one quarter of his empire to another. Unable to enjoy repose, he wandered to and fro, a prey to the same irritability which in his brother Constantine developed into actual madness, haunted by terrible recollections of his father's fate, and gloomy anticipations of his own.

After his death, and the suppression of the revolt which followed it, an official report upon the Secret Societies was drawn up

\* *Zapiski Dekabristov.* [Memoirs of the Decembrists.] London: Printed at the Free Russian Press. 1863. Trübner.



by a Commission appointed for the purpose, and an account of the events which attended the accession of Nicholas, written by Baron Korff, one of the Imperial Secretaries of State, was published some years ago by the Russian Government. It is interesting to compare with these documents the statements of some of the members of the societies who have survived to tell their tale. Prince Troubetskoi and Dmitry Yakushkin were among the most prominent of the conspirators of 1825, and they have both written memoirs which form a part of the book now before us, one of the works in course of publication by Mr. Herzen. Yakushkin's narrative, which is not yet completed, is especially worthy of attention as describing the difficulties which, forty years ago, met a reformer in Russia, and tracing the gradual progress of those ideas which have been since realized, to a certain extent, by the Emperor Alexander II. His memoirs commence with an account of the state of Russia at the close of the war with the First Napoleon. At that time, he says, the Emperor Alexander was adored by his subjects, who regarded him as the ruler of Europe, but he did not reciprocate their affection. He had always preferred foreigners to Russians, whom he divided into the two classes of knaves and fools, and, as he advanced in life, his anti-Slavonic prejudices became only the more confirmed. The people, however, were in happy unconsciousness of his real opinions, and a general impression prevailed that he was about to confer great benefits upon the country, and to introduce those reforms of which the more enlightened of his advisers had long seen the necessity. During their stay abroad, the younger officers of the Guards had almost universally become imbued with liberal ideas, and on their return home they naturally did all that they could to inspire others with their newly-adopted sentiments. But they found themselves a hundred years in advance of their seniors, who had not been out of the country, and who could not understand their youthful enthusiasm. At first, they looked to the Emperor for countenance, but they soon found that little was to be expected from him. Yakushkin gives a number of instances of Alexander's harshness, and explains why he lost all confidence in the Emperor's good intentions. On one occasion, for instance, he was present at Alexander's triumphal entry into St. Petersburg. The Emperor approached, he says, on horseback, sword in hand:—

We were looking at him with admiration, when suddenly a man ran across the street in front of him. The Emperor spurred his horse and galloped after the intruder with drawn sword. The police caught the man and began to thrash him. We could scarcely trust our eyes, and turned away our heads, blushing for our beloved Czar. I could not help thinking of the cat which became a princess, but which was never able to see a mouse without making a rush at it.

Shortly after this, the officers of the Semenofsky regiment formed a dining-club:—

After dinner some played at chess, others read the foreign newspapers or followed the events that were taking place in Europe. Formerly, they used to be thrown upon their own resources, and had nothing to do but to drink, to gamble, or to indulge in intrigue.

But as soon as Alexander heard of these proceedings he ordered them to be discontinued, saying that such gatherings of officers were highly objectionable. By measures of this nature he alienated the goodwill of Yakushkin and his friends, and induced them to look elsewhere for support. After some consultation, they determined to found a society for the purpose of disseminating their ideas, and of carrying out their projects for the benefit of their country. They took as their models the associations which had been formed by the Prussians in opposition to the French, and gave the name of the "Military Society" to that which they first started. Subsequently, a number of associations were founded, the chief of which was the "Union of Safety" which afterwards became the "League of Welfare," and was divided into the societies of the North and South. At first, their intentions were innocently patriotic and philanthropic. They devoted themselves to denouncing the most prominent social and political abuses of the day. They attacked the institution of slavery, attempted to bring about a better feeling between the proprietor and the peasant, and made war against the corruption which was prevalent in the administration of justice. Gradually they acquired influence, their numbers increased rapidly, and their weight made itself felt in various quarters. But before long their leaders began to alter their plans, and to talk of revolution instead of reform. The wildest schemes were proposed at their meetings, the most dangerous projects were openly discussed, and at length assassination formed a regular part of their programme. At the end of the year 1817, Prince Troubetskoi wrote a letter to the members of the Secret Society at Warsaw, stating that the Emperor was about to restore to Poland some of the provinces of which the partitions had deprived it, and to transfer the seat of government from St. Petersburg to Warsaw. The news was received with the greatest indignation. All who were present when the letter was read agreed that Russia was in the greatest danger, and that it was impossible to hope for safety while Alexander remained upon the throne:—

At length [says Yakushkin] Alexander Mouravieff declared that, in order to avert the peril by which Russia was threatened, it was necessary to put an end to the present reign, and he proposed, therefore, that we should cast lots to decide which of us should undertake to kill the Emperor. To this I replied that I was ready to devote myself to the work without appealing to chance, and that I would not allow any one to deprive me of so great an honour. My intention was to arm myself with two pistols, and, on the Emperor's arrival at the Uspenski Cathedral, to shoot him with one of them, and myself with the other. I considered the action not as a murder, but as a duel, which was to result in the death of both of us.

No one objected to the idea of killing the Emperor; but Yakushkin's method of carrying it out met with the disapprobation of all his friends. He yielded to their entreaties; but so annoyed was he at their opposition that he abruptly left the Society, and retired for a while to his country seat. There he devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of his serfs, wishing first to make them worthy of freedom, and then to bestow it upon them. He found them in a state of the greatest misery, subject to all manner of oppressions, and almost refusing, in their despair, to work at all. He gave them encouragement, and rendered them assistance. In a little time their condition was greatly improved; they were relieved from the burdens which had crushed them down, and, animated by hope, they betook themselves to work with energy. Eventually, Yakushkin determined to give them their liberty, but here he met with two unexpected obstacles. The Government objected to his emancipating his peasants in any but the authorized manner, and they themselves would not accept the boon that was offered them unless they were allowed to become the owners of the fields they had been in the habit of tilling. The Russian peasant has never been able to appreciate the charms of liberty unenhanced by the possession of landed property. Thus it happened that Yakushkin was obliged to give up his attempt in despair, the difficulties which the present Emperor is now scarcely able to surmount proving far too strong for a single proprietor to overcome five-and-forty years ago. After a time he resumed his place in the Council of the Secret Society, but he did not take a prominent part in its proceedings. Years passed away, and the projects of the conspirators gradually approached maturity. A variety of constitutions were discussed by them, according to some of which Russia was to become a limited monarchy, while others were based on purely republican principles. If Yakushkin may be relied upon, it was generally agreed that the Emperor must be put to death; but there was a difference of opinion as to what should be done with the rest of the Imperial family. Some of the most advanced reformers were for killing them all; but it appears that the majority would have been satisfied with their banishment. It is not to be wondered at that Alexander, to whom from time to time came rumours of their proceedings, became gloomy and morose towards the end of his life.

The events which followed his death remain to this day strangely unintelligible. According to the account drawn up by Baron Korff, a generous contest took place between the Grand Duke Constantine and his younger brother Nicholas, each desiring to induce the other to ascend the throne. Nothing can be more touching than the picture of fraternal love depicted by "His Imperial Majesty's Secretary of State." The only fault with which his heroes can be charged is a Homeric partiality for tears. They appear to have been in the habit of giving way to their feelings on the slightest provocation, and the book resounds with their Grand Ducal sobbings; but perhaps the Baron is not entirely to be depended upon. An air of mystery still hangs about the events which followed the death of Alexander. Constantine took the oath of allegiance to Nicholas at Warsaw. Nicholas, at St. Petersburg, swore fealty to Constantine. The Grand Duke Michael posted up and down between the cities in a state of distraction, and allowed several days to pass without swearing allegiance to either. As to the troops, they swore at random by platoons, following the lead of their commanding officers, some of whom had their own interests to serve by the operation. The interregnum had lasted more than a fortnight, when one morning, before daybreak, an officer insisted on seeing Nicholas, and delivered to him a packet addressed to the Emperor. "Reflecting," says Korff, "that the duty of a subject is to sacrifice himself," Nicholas opened it, and, on reading its contents, was "struck with so unspeakable a horror" that a cloud of asterisks has been found necessary to cover his emotions. The packet contained letters giving a full account of the impending insurrection; and Nicholas, seeing the necessity of immediate action, determined to coquet with the Crown no longer. In the Baron's words, "He silenced in his heart, before the sacred debt of his country, the voice of self-preservation and self-interest; with a soul overflowing with the most pious confidence in Almighty wisdom he yielded to its decree." The next morning, his son, the present Emperor, then a boy of seven years of age, was informed of his father's accession to the throne, and "cried a good deal when he heard of it." The new Empress also wept, and said that she ought to be consoled with, not congratulated. And, indeed, although that day passed away quietly, all felt that a great storm was approaching. On the following morning, the troops were summoned to take the oath, and the dreaded insurrection broke out. The leading members of the Secret Societies, knowing that the Emperor was acquainted with their plans, and perceiving that it was no longer a time for cautious measures, attempted to strike the blow which they had been so long preparing. It is difficult to understand how they could have entertained any hope of a permanent success. By circulating a false report that Constantine had been forcibly deprived of the Crown by Nicholas, they induced a part of the army to mutiny; but even the men whom they misled had not the slightest sympathy with their constitutional or republican tendencies. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the events which followed the outbreak. Every one knows what courage and firmness Nicholas displayed, and how the insurgents were either convinced by his arguments or annihilated by his artillery. By half-past six in the evening the mutiny was at an end, and having got rid of his scruples and a considerable

number of troublesome subjects, the new Emperor was at liberty to attend to his dinner and his devotions. The day had been one of trial for him; for his family the terror and the suspense must have been almost unbearable. Early that morning, the youthful Czarovich had been interrupted in his task of colouring a print representing the passage of the Granicus by Alexander the Great—a picture which “is still preserved by His Majesty the Emperor in the same state as it then was”—and carried off for greater security to the Winter Palace. There the ladies and children of the Imperial family were assembled, and there throughout that long day they remained, anxiously awaiting the result of the disturbance. Vague rumours reached them at intervals from without, and with the evening came the roar of artillery. The Dowager Empress, “struck by a touching thought, besought Demidoff to take her late husband’s portrait and show it to the insurgents. The sight of his features, she thought, would recall them to their duty.” The Empress fell on her knees at the first sound of the cannon, and “remained in that attitude in fervent prayer till the arrival of Adlerberg with intelligence that all was over.” At length Nicholas arrived in triumph. His victory was complete, and nothing now remained for him to do but to decide on the fate of his captives.

In a few hours the work of ten years had been undone. The events of that day paralysed the Liberal party in Russia for a quarter of a century, and riveted the chains of despotism more firmly than ever on the country. The conspirators do not appear to have been troubled with any consciousness of having acted ill, but there can be no doubt that their conduct proved ruinous to the cause which they wished to assist. Most of them paid a heavy penalty for their error. Five of their number were executed, the rest were condemned to various periods of imprisonment and exile. Yakushkin gives an interesting account of his examination and confinement. For several months he was shut up in a narrow cell, heavily ironed, fed upon bread and water, and kept in perpetual terror of the rack. At length he was sentenced to twenty years’ imprisonment with hard labour, and at that point concludes the portion of his memoirs which is now before us. They do not represent him in a very favourable light, nor do they enlist our sympathies to any great degree on the side of his fellow conspirators. In many respects, no doubt, the members of the Secret Society were animated by worthy motives, and were desirous of doing good service to their country. But the means by which they attempted to work were often so utterly unjustifiable that, detestable as was the system against which they warred, it is impossible to approve of their method of reforming it. It is to be hoped that those who have succeeded them in the undertaking have learned by experience that the dagger of the assassin is not the weapon by which the victories of liberty and justice are to be gained.

#### IS MY SON LIKELY TO PASS?\*

ONE of the commonest vices among bad writers is a wilful disregard of literary symmetry. They seem to be incapable even of perceiving, much more of preserving, a proper proportion in all respects between the size of their subject and the breadth and depth of what they say upon it. They undertake some huge theme, and promise to discuss it on a huge scale, but they end in petty criticisms and trifling suggestions, such as either nobody would accept, or everybody could foresee. It is the old story of the mountain in labour. We are led to expect a marvel, and are presented with a mouse. A thought that was neither exhaustive nor profound enough for anything more than a short newspaper essay is elaborated over a couple of volumes; or else, a subject which, to be adequately treated, would demand a couple of volumes, is jauntily summarized and dismissed in a sixpenny pamphlet. The power of nicely measuring language and everything else that is included under the name of style to the matter in hand, is one of the rarest of literary gifts; and a top-heavy book is one of the unpleasantest, as it is one of the commonest, of literary performances. The pamphlet of the Rector of Wigginton is remarkable as exhibiting this vice of inferior writers and thinkers with curious distinctness. It professes to be *A Few Words to Parents upon the most Prevalent Intellectual Diseases incident to School and College Life; with Suggestions as to their Treatment and Cure*. The writer dignifies it by the title of “a little work.” It contains a table of contents, three separate chapters, a body of explanatory notes, and an appendix. The whole is contained in rather fewer than forty pages, and may be purchased for one shilling. If we reflect that the state and prospects of the Universities are at the present time sources of lively anxiety to all the thoughtful men who are connected with them, and that they offer some extremely complicated problems from whatever point of view we regard them, we need scarcely have anticipated anything resembling exhaustive treatment within such narrow compass. But, as Mr. Williams has been Fellow and Tutor of a College at Oxford, we had a right to expect at least a few sound practical hints upon the state of education in that University. But to furnish these seemed to Mr. Williams to be an aim quite beneath his attention. He wanted to show the public that he was no mere student of Latin and Greek, but that he had read Shelley, and Davison on Prophecy, and Tom

Hood, and Macaulay’s poem on Pompeii, and Gray’s Ode on Eton College; that he had heard of Arago and Camoens; and that he could write English of the very tallest description. What motive he can have had beyond this in the composition of his “little work” we are unable, from internal evidence, to collect.

The writer does not seem to be at all conscious that his title is infinitely too pretentious for anything that he has got to say, or that one-third of what he does say or print is abstracted from what has been said or printed by other people before. He settles the question of the advantages of a classical education as if it were no question at all. M. Arago, it is true, protests against the monopoly claimed for the ancient writers, and the protest is inserted because it gives Mr. Williams an occasion for displaying his acquaintance with modern names. But Dr. Whewell has “demolished the specious sophism,” so that a couple of pages quite suffices to set the reader’s mind at rest on this point. And, apart from the admirable qualities of Latin and Greek as instruments of mental training, a knowledge of these languages is now indispensable, “when the walls of our drawing-rooms echo to *Linguistique*—when bright eyes are beaming with Sanscrit, and silver tones discuss the vicissitudes of Dialectic Regeneration and Phonetic Decay.” By what astounding process any human eye could be made to beam with Sanscrit, we cannot conjecture; we have frequently seen eyes beaming with love, and occasionally with drink, but never with any particular form of human language. But if the unbeliever in Latin and Greek is converted neither by Dr. Whewell nor by echoing drawing-rooms, silver tones, and Sanscrit eyes, Mr. Williams overwhelms him by a vigorous outburst of the very finest writing:—

What course of study (he asks triumphantly) can be more ennobling than that which enables us to examine the source and track the windings of the majestic stream of human thought, chronicled as it is and graven for ever in the godlike gift of language? It may have drawn its origin from the cold snows of a distant age, from the cloud and the crag—it may have been imprisoned in the dark ravine, and broken into foam as it emerged—it may have owed its first training to the rock and the precipice, and its inborn force may have been invigorated by the struggle of its early discipline, but still the waves are the same waves, the stream the same stream.

Then he winds up by demanding—“May not thoughts like these give rise to higher and deeper reflections?” Possibly all this may be very fascinating to the Wiggintonians who have the pleasure of sitting under Mr. Williams; but assuredly it has little connexion with the opening query—*Is my Son likely to Pass?* As if “the gloom upon the brow of the anxious parent of our modern undergraduate” could be dispelled by a shilling’s-worth of “thoughts like these,” and “the higher and deeper reflections” which they suggest! A parent anxious about his son’s “Smalls” will not be much entertained by arodomontade about crags, and ravines, and cold snows. It must, however, be admitted, in justice to Mr. Williams, that he does eventually proceed to probe the intellectual disorders of school and college life. They are five in number, but they may be briefly summed up in the new nosological phrase, “Kerchever Arnold.” From the abuse of the somewhat voluminous writings of the late Mr. T. Kerchever Arnold spring most of those intellectual diseases to which the student is heir, as well as the alarming statistics of intellectual mortality at the various University examinations. Kerchever Arnold, according to Mr. Williams, is like some too powerful drug, which, if administered with discretion, may be productive of the most beneficial results, but when used without judgment cannot fail to be injurious. The remedy prescribed by Mr. Williams for the sufferer from chronic “Kerchever Arnold” is the “rural seclusion of some private tutor where the ‘Elegantize Latine’ are still held in reverence.” Probably the rural seclusion of Wigginton is, in Mr. Williams’ eyes, more peculiarly adapted for the cure of this youthful malady than any other place, and the addition of the words, “near Banbury,” on the title-page of the little work, was possibly made with a view to postal communication from the gloomy parent of our modern undergraduate. At Wigginton, near Banbury, we cannot question, is to be found that

Instructor who will practise with conscientious exactness the obsolete wisdom recommended above; one who keeps the angles of his *Euclid* sharp, and allows no rust upon his arithmetic or algebra; one, in short, who undertakes his high calling in the spirit of Dr. Arnold; one who loves the open countenance, the unquailing eye, the unhesitating voice, the almost heroic bearing of the youth who rises superior to all modern contrivances for avoiding the necessity of thought, and, in the threatened shipwreck of modern scholarship, still clings with staunch tenacity to the sheet-anchor of *His Grammar*.

We should not be surprised to hear of “our little work” being hurled into cabs at the metropolitan termini, along with the little works of Messrs. Moses or of the patentees of the Cor-saletto. What Mr. Williams says about the sheet-anchor of grammar may be true enough, but surely everybody knew all this before. It is as preposterous to tell us that a lad will never become a good scholar who neglects grammar, as it would be to prove that he would never be a good reader until he had learned his letters. And certainly it was not worth while to quote Shelley, and Macaulay, and Gray, and Davison on Prophecy, or to print forty pages of pretentious stuff, merely for the sake of informing the anxious parent that blockheads are rejected at Oxford because they have taken over-doses of Kerchever Arnold, and neglected the “obsolete wisdom” of *Propria quæ maribus* and *As in præsentis*. Mr. Williams, by his sounding title and ostentatious pretensions, leads us to expect a thorough breaking up of the

\* *Is my Son likely to Pass?* By John Williams, B.D., late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus Coll., Oxford, and Rector of Wigginton, near Banbury. London: Rivingtons. 1863.



ground; but the result is as unlike this as earth that has been scratched by an ancient hen is unlike a ploughed field. That the condition of the examination statutes at Oxford is far from satisfactory, and that their requirements might be wisely modified or extended, is admitted, we believe, by all but a very few, who make it a rule to espouse every existing system simply because it exists. That the number of undergraduates admitted to the Universities is not in proportion to the increase of wealth and intelligence in the community, is a fact that cannot be ignored, and must be lamented. But the large number of men who are rejected surely presents no inscrutable problem. A certain quota of lazy and stupid lads are sent up to the University annually, and their laziness and stupidity prevent them from acquiring the exceedingly scanty modicum of knowledge requisite for a mere pass-degree. But we do not need the wisdom of Wigginton to discover a remedy for this. One of Mr. Williams's correspondents puts the whole matter simply and shortly:—

I hope your attempt to rescue the rascality of undergraduatedom will succeed; but really I have no sympathy with them. Surely it is for them to see the home side of the matter, and not to bring discomfort on their parents by bringing discredit on themselves. What have the reprobates been doing all their school life that they cannot pass at the University respectably an examination in grammar? It is for the big-wigs, not for the youngsters, to fix the standard of knowledge, which the latter would virtually do if the former gave way.

If lads cannot reach the prescribed standard, low as it now is, they have decidedly missed their vocation in going to the University at all. The undergraduates who are labouring under such "intellectual diseases" as those enumerated by Mr. Williams ought to be measuring ribands and serving out groceries.

#### EMMANUEL SWEDENBORG.\*

THE life, character, and doctrines of Swedenborg are treated by M. Matter from a point of view exterior to the pale of absolute belief, yet with a spirit of candour and impartiality which can offend none but a few blind and fanatical devotees to the supernatural pretensions of their prophet. There may be persons to whom it may be a scandal to conscience, if not flat blasphemy, to measure, even in thought, the powers and the achievements of the author of their faith by a strictly human standard, and apart from all reference to other than the ordinarily received laws of physical and moral action. It was impossible, however, for M. Matter, as a man of the world and a man of common sense, so to approach his subject as to satisfy the requirements of partisans like these, as it must be impossible for us, in our capacity of critics, to submit to any other estimate of his work than that which is defined by the ordinary tests of logic and experience. In judging even of the supernatural itself, we have indeed no resource but to make these tests, in the outset at least of the inquiry, our primary point of departure, prepared as we may be, on equally logical principles, to acquiesce cheerfully in the hypothesis of a higher than natural element, should conclusive evidence be adduced of phenomena or facts wholly transcending every known or conceivable condition of natural law. In reviewing the life and speculations of Swedenborg, we are brought at once face to face, by a process of historical revival, with a class of facts and experiences but too common in our own day, in which the line between the natural and the supernatural, the scientific and the occult, if not the miraculous, is supposed to have become confused. If less closely and essentially connected with a religious origin than the earlier system of the Swedish philosopher and seer, there is at least one aspect which modern Spiritualism has in common with that of Swedenborg. It has for its basis, that is, the possibility of a province over which reason is no longer to hold the ultimate dominion, and into which the rules of common logic and ordinary experience are forbidden, beyond a certain point, to penetrate. The life of Swedenborg, to begin with, is professedly spent, in a great measure, in another world, into which it is impossible to follow him. In the next place, his teaching is only to be established by writings which, besides being voluminous and intricate, represent the fruits of a special and interior illumination which it is impossible to submit to the critical reason without its vanishing altogether. As, in the *stances* of our most recent spiritualists, the highest manifestations are reserved for those moments when vulgar eyes are incapacitated by the extinction of the lights, so, in the revelations of the celestial *arcana* through the medium of the seer, all that is distinctive, startling, and novel waits for its unveiling until the old world interpreters of scholarship, history, and criticism have been left far behind. And yet, unsatisfactory as this condition of things might well be thought in an age of precise and scientific study, there is something in the very nature of these problems which invests them with undiminished, it may be with enhanced, interest. Be it even the natural recoil from the possibly undue dedication of the mind to exact physical culture, it is past dispute that matters confessedly beyond the ken of scientific demonstration exercise a large and growing attraction even upon minds of no mean scientific training. The evidence of this fact is not confined to the mere parade of necromantic feats in the autobiographies of our leading mediums, or to the assemblage of *dilettante* idlers, fashionable or reverend, to peer into the secrets of the

crystal sphere. So widely has the influence of such a feeling spread even among intellectual society, and worked itself up into the fabric of current literature, as to induce a belief that an era has arrived in which the philosophical balance of three centuries must be overturned, and a revival of the mystic theosophy of the middle and even earlier ages be gravely looked upon as possible.

Of the possible revival or spread of Swedenborgianism, as a specific system of religious belief or organization, we have at present no call to take account. Its particular form of dogma, or methods of dealing with revelation, may be in no such harmony with the bias and the processes of modern thought. And yet we cannot turn to the biography of its founder without at once perceiving that the great problem of our time is therein being stated by anticipation. In Swedenborg we behold the supernatural face to face with reason in the eighteenth century. And we are children of the eighteenth century in a far higher degree than we are inclined to recognise. Witness only the deep and fierce excitement stirred up by the recent reproduction of speculative objections to the authoritative belief, taken from works of the last age which till lately were held to have been forgotten. Our intermediate advance in all that constitutes mental progress seems but to have brought us round once more to the point at which these ultimate and radical questions can no longer be stifled or ignored. And if in Swedenborg we are able to see supernaturalism confronted with reason, we may behold in him no less the highest attempt of modern times at a reconciliation between the natural and the supernatural, the reasonable and the marvellous. His profound scientific and mechanical attainments, on the one hand, his lofty spirituality of mind and unimpeachable moral and religious excellences on the other, bespeak a temperament in which, if ever, the harmony between those two opposing poles of human thought might be deemed capable of demonstration. The great question, be it observed, lies not so much in the separate existence of the spiritual world as in the relation of the one world to the other. And it is the circumstance that in man, as in some sense taking part in both worlds, the point of contact must of necessity exist somewhere, which makes such a person at once the greatest of enigmas, and the most promising solution of that enigma.

The result of the controversy of the last century, as regards Europe at large, was that reason held itself to have entirely triumphed over supernaturalism, and, in its moments of blind self-confidence, as in France, to have thrown it overboard for ever. It was one of those superannuated conceptions which had vanished like ghosts or witchcraft before the dawn of pure reason and common sense. Was it, then, through a certain irony of fate, or what has been termed the law of progress by antagonism, that, in the teeth of this conquering and jubilant reason, the claims of the supernatural suddenly sprang up again in the boldest and most ambitious shape? For never before had this power, which seemed the inveterate foe of science or reason, aimed at subjugating its rival by blending and, so to say, sublimating it with itself. So marked a contact forms, then, the first historical point of interest in the life of Swedenborg. The second, or more speculative point, has reference to our own times and to the future. If strict philosophy or reason failed of success in the last century in putting down the opposite rule of superstition and unreason, what is to be the issue of the conflict now unmistakably being revived between them? If the judgment given in the former case is to be set aside as superficial, lax, and uncritical, what better verdict is to be expected from our more mature and critically constituted lights?

Such is the temperate and judicious point of view from which the study of Swedenborgianism is approached by M. Matter. It is tantamount to a revision, on higher grounds and in a less partisan spirit, of the sentence passed upon the movement and its author by the two or three generations intervening. In the first place, justice is done to the commanding intellectual powers and practical abilities of the prophet of the new dispensation. In purely scientific discoveries, as in material or utilitarian objects, he admits hardly a superior in that age of ripe intellectual promise. In many points of intellect, as well as of character, exceptional in any generation, there was no man in his own or in any day less tainted with charlatany, less conscious of untruth. Even in his highest and most far-fetched pretensions—as put forth, that is, by himself—there is nothing of the self-elevation of the religious impostor, none of the vulgar arts of the huckster in divine realities. Like most men in whose temperament imagination is largely blended with every process of reason and emotion, he obeyed, in embodying his ideas in form, that instinctive law by which the inward impressions or intuitive perceptions of the soul take to themselves an objective or external reality, and come to be worshipped as the substantial verities of which they are but the mental symbol. Hence are to be explained not only those psychological portents which have tended to taint the purest and noblest with the imputation of imposture—the demon of Socrates, the visions of Descartes, the hallucinations of Pascal—but those more vulgar marvels which form the only palpable basis, such as it is, for the spiritualist creed of our time. In the better class, of which alone we would now speak, this self-hallucination takes the form either of mysticism or transcendentalism. The distinction is ably drawn by M. Matter. Swedenborg was no mystic, in the sense in which Böhmen, Pascal, Madame Guyon, or Claude Saint Martin, were mystics. There was in his system none of that absorption into the depths of the Divine Being in which those European simulacra of Buddhism found their delectation. In his more transcendental

\* *Emmanuel Swedenborg, sa Vie, ses Écrits et sa Doctrine.* Par M. Matter. Paris: 1863.

view, the Deity stooped in person to nature and man, or rather, nature and man rose up by graduated ascents to God. The spirit world is a more perfect counterpart of the material world. The inhabitants of the stars are the spirits of men and heroes, sublimated and transferred, and retain the varied characteristics of their human origin. The life of heaven is human life renewed on a less material stage, and with the freedom of less corporeal faculties, and God is the perfect and sole type of humanity. His education, no less than the logical bent and essence of his ideas, led him along this path of development.

Emmanuel Swedberg was born at Stockholm, June the 29th, 1688. The influence of his father, Bishop of Skara, an ecclesiastic whose grave and simple religion partook more of the moral pietism of Grotius and Episcopius than either the dogmatism of Calvin or the enthusiasm of the mystics, had the effect of training the youthful genius in the same mild school of evangelical morals, to the comparative neglect of dogmatic exactness or formality. The teaching of Reimar, then the freest churchman of Northern Germany, must have aided in the same direction. His own recollection of his early studies and disposition bears out this inference. The remark of his father, made even before the boy's twelfth year, that angels spoke by his mouth, is to be explained, with allowance for the fond amplification of paternal pride, by the sweetness and innocent freshness of his talk, rather than by any ascription of more than human powers. Precocious the lad undeniably was, but in the sense of goodness, not of inspiration:—

From my fourth to my tenth year (he writes to Dr. Beyer), my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflecting on God, salvation, and the spiritual affections of man. From my sixth to my twelfth year, it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith, and I often observed to them that charity or love is the life of faith, and that their vivifying charity is no other than the love of one's neighbour.

His visits to London and Oxford in 1710 had no little influence in expanding the young man's tastes. His first publications related to classics and poetry. He shortly afterwards developed a marked genius for mechanics and engineering, and his services in that capacity at the siege of Frederickshall, where the Swedish hero laid down his life, were rewarded by Charles's sister, Queen Ulrica Eleonora, with letters of nobility and the more aristocratic name of Swedborg, till then borne only by the more favoured portion of the family. The next stage of his intellectual career was given to scientific ethics and political philosophy, his balanced and constitutional principles of politics enabling him to anticipate not a few of what have since become leading tenets with the scientific school of modern publicists. He may be said, in this respect, to have marched side by side with Locke, and to have already elaborated, in their proper balance and practical relations, theories which, years later, in the latitude of Paris, have been regarded as simply Utopian or revolutionary. His views on these, as on other subjects, had from the first, however, a connexion with a religious basis, as embodied in complete form in his glowing and rhapsodical delineations of the "New Jerusalem," published in London in 1758. In the science and practice of mineralogy alone, his discoveries might suffice to place him in the first scientific rank of his generation; nor was he far behind in his mastery of general physics, including astronomy, anatomy, and physiology—witness his anticipation of Wollaston in the spheroidal law of crystallization, his joint share with Sir W. Herschel in assigning to the sun its position in the Milky Way, and with Lagrange in the grand solution of the planetary perturbations. The width of his mental scope is one of his most memorable characteristics. Nothing escapes him. Each fact of experience or reflection sheds light on every other and on the whole. Even the pleasures and trifles of life have their place. In Paris he has no disdain for fashion and dissipation, and descants in his diary on the latest opera, and the merits of the new *danseuse*. His was not the defective vision of Tiresias, nor the ignorance of mundane things which caused the coachman of Tycho Brahe to say to his master, "You may be very wise, Sir, in what regards the sky, but in matters of the world you are no better than a fool." If a phrase in a letter of his to General Tuxen is to be construed in its literal mundane meaning, he had indulged at one time in personal subservience to temptations of a class from which the idolaters of his absolute purity had pictured him through life exempt—*Dans ma jeunesse j'ai eu une maîtresse*. It was not, indeed, from his own representations that the idea of any superiority in kind to human limitations can be conjured up, if we except his peculiar pretensions of an oracular or prophetic sort. And nothing certainly can be less romantic or ethereal than his own report, newly given in detail by M. Matter, of the circumstances attending that transformation which gave its special character to the last twenty-seven years of his life:—

I was in London, he declares (in the year 1744), and dined very late. I was extremely hungry, and ate with a lively appetite. At the close of my repast a kind of mist spread over my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles. Presently the mist disappeared, and I saw distinctly a man sitting in a corner in the midst of a clear and radiant light, who, in a tone fitted to inspire terror, said to me, "Do not eat so much."

The following night the same figure reappeared, and declared himself, in M. Matter's words:—

Je suis Dieu, le Seigneur, le Créateur, et le Rédempteur; je t'ai élu pour interpréter aux hommes le sens intérieur et spirituel des Saintes Écritures; je te dicterai ce que tu devras écrire.

If such be the evidences, such the credentials, of a celestial calling, it will be necessary to apply some test which shall at least enable

us to discriminate between the influence of the spirits and the familiar symptoms of post-prandial nightmare. A shorter and more summary kind of martyrdom may be made to put the authority of apostles and prophets to the proof. The cynical, if somewhat coarse, remark of Kant is here in point:—

Jadis on brûlait, de temps à autre, les adeptes du monde spirituel. Il suffira désormais de les purger.

Not less accordant with reason and sense is M. Matter's examination of those special instances on which the claims of Swedborg to a power of prediction or second sight have, with as little plausibility, been made to rest. Four of these cases may be cited in particular:—his describing at Gottenburg, fifty leagues off, a fire then in progress at Stockholm, with the moment and spot of its being arrested; his revelation to Madame de Marteville, through the medium of the spirit of her deceased husband, of a missing receipt for 25,000 florins; his announcement of the death of the Emperor Peter III. at the very instant of its taking place; and his prediction of the day of his own death in a letter written some weeks before to Wesley. On each of these points, the evidence, when calmly and critically sifted, is found to be of the same confused and shadowy character which makes it so difficult to establish any basis of fact for the best-accredited stories of modern clairvoyance or somnambulism. Names, dates, and details are presented to us under the wildest discrepancy—the degree of marvel invariably increasing with the distance from the event. Thus, the fire at Stockholm—which owes so much to the deliberate adherence given to it most unwillingly, it is said, by Kant—is stated by that philosopher, writing seven years later, to have taken place "towards the end of the year 1759;" and, in a subsequent letter written the 10th of August, 1768, "towards the end of September 1756." The fire really occurred on the 19th of July, 1759, so inexact are his inquiries shown to have been even as regards the merest outline of the story. The name of the Dutch Minister's lady, in the second case, is presented to us in various versions as Madame de Harteville, Madame de Martefield, Countess de Martefeld, and Countess de Mansfeld. Discrepancies like these are of no mean value as proofs that the narrative is drawn from no primary or authentic source. Moreover, the testimony of the lady's second husband expressly ascribes the discovery of the document to a dream on her own part, Swedborg's share in the transaction being limited to his having reported the refusal of the disembodied husband to appear, being preoccupied by a visit to his widow, in order to "reveal some circumstance of importance." The vision of the murder of Peter at the castle of Roptcha, on the 14th of July, 1762, seen the same hour by the Prophet at Amsterdam, may well be left to stand over for some more sober and trustworthy witness than that of a half-crazed mystic like Jung-Stilling, who heard it from "a proved friend in the Low Countries!" Nor need we set aside the received organization of either the physical or the moral universe in favour of a higher revelation based upon a prophetic letter, of which no copy was preserved, but which was said to have been read by Wesley before a circle of friends, yet of which no mention occurs in the minutely particular diary of the great Methodist. Even granting to the full the authenticity of the tradition, which is said to have been followed by the conversion of the narrator, Mr. Smith, there is not a great deal to startle us in the case of a prophecy which carries with it so much of the means of effecting its own verification. There is far more of the influence of cause and effect than of mere coincidence or oracular vision in those frequently quoted instances in which the presentiment of death has been followed by the reality. We are told of hale and lusty young women among the Polynesians dying, amidst the most agonizing struggles, merely from the impression that they were being "prayed to death" by some known or unknown A, B, or C. And that an aged enthusiast should, in the exercise of his professed connexion with another world, lay down the precise day of his own exit, and verify the vaticination, sure enough, to the hour, will be no great portent or miracle to those who have made a little common psychology their study. We need certainly lay no greater stress upon the tradition of his affrighting Queen Louisa Ulrica by the disclosure of matters known only to herself and her deceased brother, or his declaration that the departed Baron d'Abicourt has met with a more agreeable consort than he left behind on earth, or that "one of the noblest and most angelic creatures of Sweden"—*Madame la Comtesse de Sylvenborg*—is destined to impart the same eventual felicity to the seer himself. Nor need we discuss at length the evidential value of his announcements that the moon has its human inhabitants; that the spirits in Mercury have a terrible dislike and contempt for us terrestrials; that those in Jupiter hold us equally cheap; that their countenances far surpass ours in beauty; that those in Venus, strange to say, are "stupid giants, who care neither about heaven nor hereafter;" or that the spirit congregations in Saturn are Unitarians or anti-Trinitarians! Stripped of the crotchets into which a vivid and undisciplined imagination betrayed a mind of deep religious conviction, and intense appreciation of his own powers and mission—cleared, moreover, of the mist of falsehood and exaggeration with which the blind zeal of later idolaters has enveloped his real character and pretensions—enough remains of Swedborg to establish his rank among the most remarkable men of his class. Without the conventional halo of myth and romance, there is much in the exceptional character and history of the enthusiast and visionary which forbids ridicule or contempt, in sight of so much that is simple, and single-minded, and pure.



## THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S BOOK.\*

THIS book reveals to us a secret. It informs us who is the author and inventor of all the puffs,rodomontade, and fine talk which have been expended on the Great Exhibition and the Great Exhibition Buildings, and of the openings, and ceremonials, and processions, and fêtes, which have made the very name of the Horticultural Society an offence to everybody. Mr. Andrew Murray must have been the man who changed Brompton into South Kensington. We only judge all this from internal evidence; but the author of this book and the blower of the trumpets, the furnisher of communicated paragraphs to the newspapers, all through last year, must be identical. No two such proficient in flunkeyism and fine writing are possible. The external appearance of his volume is quite in accordance with its contents. No doubt we shall find it reviewed in some such terms as these:—"This book is veritably a book *de luxe*. Nothing can exceed the chaste yet gorgeous delicacy of the binding. A brilliant verditer green is set off with elegant enrichments of black and gold, forming the classic border of the Greek Key, which embraces a monogram of the gracefully intertwined initials of Her Majesty and the lamented Prince Consort, the good and gracious Prince, whose memory will ever be dear to his adopted country. The monogram is surmounted by the Imperial crown, and enriched by the combined mottoes of England and Coburg. The creamy softness of the paper, with the rich velvety gloss of the hotpressing, is, it may be said, typical of the exuberant loyalty and smooth courtliness of the author; and the gilded leaves, the embroidered pages, the coroneted and monogrammed title-page—composed of the arms of Her Majesty and of the revered Prince—together with a *fac-simile* of Her Majesty's sign-manual, the dedication to the illustrious memory of the Prince Consort, and the inscriptional sonnet to—

Him mourned, and yet not lost, but gone before—

which is due to the affectionate muse of Mr. Shirley Brooks, all make a whole which is at the same time unique and original." Mr. Murray, as befits the writer of a book on gardens, is almost as flowery as his subject; and whether, to use his own language, we regard this gorgeous volume "as a modest attempt to add a stone to the cairn raised to the memory of the GREAT CHIEF who is gone," or only as a simple chronicle of the history of the Horticultural Society, he may be congratulated on having produced a work in which the courtier and the gardener, the eulogist and the annalist, have met together.

If Mr. Murray likes this sort of estimate of his labours, he has, we must say, fully won it. His object is a curious one. It is not only to record the past history and present state of a body which was intended for very useful and practical purposes, but to construct an epic poem out of the Horticultural Society. He says:—

As, in the poet's drama, event is crowded upon event as the scene advances, until, when our interest has reached its climax, the curtain falls upon the sacrifice of the hero, so the history of this Society has gone on increasing in interest and importance, reaching its climax in the Presidency of the Prince Consort, and completing the parallel by the abrupt termination of his brief but brilliant career.

This it is to know the final causes of things. One would have thought that the Horticultural Society's function in the Great Economy was to encourage the improvement of pinks and pansies, to import conifers, and to exchange plants and seeds. Not at all. It was pre-ordained that it should be established sixty years ago, and that it should go through a chequered career of successes and failures, of usefulness and insolvency, of struggles and revivals, and, at last, of all but final collapse—only in order that the Prince Consort, in the fulness of time, should appear as its restorer and regenerator. Indeed, Mr. Murray would borrow his figures of speech from no less sacred a source than that of Holy Writ, and, in language which its courtier-like propriety only just redeems from profanity nearly equal to that of Mr. Seward, does not hesitate to say "that the Prince Consort took it [the Horticultural Society] by the hand, and, as it were, with a word raised it to its feet." This miracle of resurrection, performed on the Lazarus of Chiswick, was the invention, planting, and management—a word suitable in more senses than one—of what Mr. Murray calls "the Arcadian Gardens at South Kensington;" meaning, we suppose, the gardens surrounded by arcades, for the Arcadia which they suggest must be a very smutty, smoke-dried, barren, and hungry region, in which house-tops are to be found instead of sylvan dells.

As far as the history of the Horticultural Society goes, it seems to be that of a spendthrift always living beyond his means, and always attempting to retrieve shattered fortunes by reckless speculations. In a humble and unobtrusive way, the Horticultural Society at first tried to fulfil its purpose of improving our gardens, orchards, and parks. It then took to giving fêtes and festivals and breakfasts at Chiswick, and invented flower shows and fruit shows, most of which cost more than they produced. Mr. Murray seems to think that there was a sinister influence in the stars, and that the meteorological authorities had a special spite against the Horticultural Society, because for many years it always rained on the Chiswick fête days. But he forgets to say anything about the institution of the Regent's Park Gardens, which were only set on foot because people were dissatisfied with the reckless

management of the old Society; and he also says nothing of the counter attractions of Kew, which is really a scientific institution, and of the Crystal Palace, which is a popular one. These are the real causes of the failure of the Horticultural Society; and if the Prince Consort was really the *Deus ex machina* which Mr. Murray describes, and which we much doubt, we can only say that this tribute to his efforts in the particular matter of transferring the Society's gardens from Chiswick to Brompton is not one likely to increase the respect and reverence which we desire to pay to his memory. The fact is, the Horticultural Society got into almost desperate difficulties by doing what was not its own proper work. It was not the steady cultivation of plants and trees at Chiswick—not the management of its gardens, which was admirable—not the expenses of such careful and intelligent collectors as Douglas and Fortune—that ruined the Society, but its flunkeyism, its extravagant festivities and galas, and its aiming at supplying the exclusive luxuries of fashionable people. And according to Mr. Murray, the new system is equally foreign to the legitimate objects of horticulture and floriculture. To lay out gardens in the midst of London smoke, and on a plot of ground where nothing can grow, is not to benefit the science of cultivation; and as it appears that the Society has borrowed 50,000*l.*, and has increased its debt by incurring unknown liabilities, after actually selling its library and herbaria, and starving its nurseries and collections at Chiswick, only to construct a garden equal in cultivating power to Russell Square—and which is avowedly intended only to form an ornamental foreground to a group of buildings to be constructed for a very different purpose—it is now worse off than ever, and more than ever foregoes its legitimate purpose. The following most important passage announces in the clearest terms what is commonly known as the great Kensington job, of which the authorship is for the first time openly imputed to the late Prince Consort:—

It is now sufficiently known that the Prince Consort's opinion was, that the proper site for the Great National Collections of Art and Science in the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Schools of Art, &c., was somewhere in this neighbourhood; and it is not to be doubted that His Royal Highness planned out a magnificent quadrangle of public buildings, containing the National Collections of objects of Science and Art of every kind, and embracing in their midst the splendid Garden of the Horticultural Society. . . . The whole tenor of his arrangements, from the purchase of the estate held by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition to the present time, indicates such a liberal and well-digested scheme. The very laying out of the property; the splendid roads formed around it; the resolute abstinence from leasing any part of the quadrangle for ordinary building purposes; the sacrifice of so great a portion of it for the garden in the midst, at so doubtful a return as that stipulated for from the Horticultural Society. . . . the terms on which the lower part of the garden was let to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862, are, without doubt, all parts of one great whole, to forward which he was skilfully availing himself of the interests of the Commissioners of 1851, of those of the Royal Horticultural Society, and of those of the Commissioners of 1862. . . . There is every reason to hope that many now living will yet witness its completion.

We hardly think that this authoritative statement is likely to redound to the memory of the subject of Mr. Murray's indiscreet assertion. We believe that it is found convenient to attribute to the respected dead, who can give no account of their intentions, the mere selfish schemes of a presuming *clique*. To remove the National Gallery, and to remove the British Museum, were plans which not only Parliament, but the world of science and the world of art, had distinctly condemned. Still the purpose and plan were made up. "By skilfully availing itself" of the Commissioners of 1851, of the poverty of the Horticultural Society, and of the willing complicity of the Commissioners of 1862, the *clique* contrived to get done all that Messrs. Cole and Dilke and Murray wanted to have done. The land and funds arising from the profits of the first Exhibition were to be expended on a scheme which it was not convenient to announce, but which it was desirable to further by by-ways and crooked paths—by bargains with the Horticultural Society which said one thing and meant another, and by a secret understanding and private articles of treaty with the Commissioners of 1862. Mr. Murray may deem it a graceful eulogy to call attention to "the happy way in which His Royal Highness has known how to combine the diverse and even conflicting interests of different bodies so as to direct them all to one end;" but the late majority in the House of Commons on the purchase of the Exhibition Buildings, and the indignant answer of Parliament to this "happy way," call it by a very different name. Mr. Murray, however, earns our thanks for one thing. He certainly assures us that the design for removing the National Gallery and the British Museum is not abandoned; and already general rumour tells us that the purchase of the site of the Exhibition Buildings is to be one step further in advance of the great comprehensive scheme. The wedge is to be forced on; and the refreshment rooms, which were included in the Exhibition site, are, it is generally rumoured, to be immediately appropriated to the Natural History collection of the Museum. Before Parliament meets again, it is very likely that the project which the late vote was intended to condemn will be half realized.

Little can be said of the intrinsic merits of Mr. Murray's ambitious publication, but, as we have already remarked, it is written in a strain of fulsome adulation which, when it is not profane, is silly; and in what relates to the present Horticultural Gardens it is composed in the language of a Little Pedlington Guide-book. Mr. Nesfield's chalk and coal walks are represented as glowing with the splendours of the kaleidoscope; the dreary beds of sickly annuals are described as though they were the plains of Eema or

\* The Book of the Royal Horticultural Society, 1862-1863. By Andrew Murray, Esq., F.L.S., &c., Assistant Secretary, &c. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1863.

the rosaries of Damascus; the brick arcades are saluted with praises which would be extravagant for Raffaele's loggia; and Jeames himself would envy the oleaginous and greasy ladlesful of indiscriminate praise which Mr. Murray pours out over the processions, and the Royal patronage, and the Court dresses, and the imposing ceremonies which opened the Gardens, and uncovered the Memorial, and "inaugurated" the Exhibition of 1862. But we must make allowances. *Quorum pars magna fui*. Mr. Murray, of course, on all these occasions, sported a sword, and bag-wig, and floricultural satin waistcoat. The poor gentleman's head is turned. It is not good for all men to associate with Princes, and Lords, and Great Commissioners of Great Exhibitions. They get to be a cringing, toadying, Court Circular manner of men. Such is Mr. Andrew Murray's fate; and we trust that the Horticultural Society, which is already very considerably in debt, will not have to pay for Mr. Murray's "magnificently illustrated volume," with all its woodcuts, photographs, and chromotographs. The book is very fine, very useless, and written in execrably bad taste; and it is quite a mercy that the hysterical loyalty with which Mr. Murray witnessed Prince Alfred plant a tree did not choke him on the spot.

#### THE RIVER-NAMES OF EUROPE.\*

IN the solution of ethnological problems, so far as language can aid the process, it is usual to compare chiefly those words which denote the commonest objects or the simplest relations. While, on the one hand, such terms as *cow*, *sheep*, *milk*, and *grass*, are not likely to have been imported, but must have formed part of the original stock of words belonging to each tribe, on the other, it is impossible to establish the existence of any save indirect commercial union, when we find in one tongue words expressive of products which are limited to particular districts. When we identify the Sanskrit *uksan* with the Latin *vacca*, the German *ochs*, and the Celtic *agh*, we have, so far as it goes, a tangible proof of common origin. But the occurrence of the word *pimento* in every European tongue as the name of a spice would establish nothing beyond the fact of its general introduction into the commercial intercourse of nations. So too, such elementary ideas as *father*, *brother*, *son*, are certain to be indigenous; but the complicated relations which settled law and civilization bring with them may be only the inheritance derived from the race which was powerful enough to impose its terminology on others. Had the Romans not been an Aryan race, still, supposing their career of conquest and colonization to have been unchanged, we should no less than now find the phrases of their civil law imbedded in our several dialects. They would mark historical, but not genealogical facts; and these latter could only be slowly detected in the crucible of comparative grammar.

So far, there appears to be a sufficiently sharp division marked between the class of words which is available for establishing ethnological conclusions and that which cannot be so utilized. But there is a very large intermediate class, which is the puzzle and despair of the student of language. It consists of the special names given to individuals of a common genus. It is easy enough to find the common source of generic terms, but proper names of regions, mountains, and rivers, are far more difficult to trace back to their first origin. Those of men have more commonly a simple explanation, based upon the personal qualities observed or hoped for in each; but when we once pass from the general ideas of high or low ground, meadow or water, there is but little to guide us. In some very few instances we may still be using the names given by the wild nomads of unknown races who first penetrated the forests of Europe. In others, one wave of conquest after another has washed away the older appellation, and either discovered one of yet earlier formation, which had been hidden under it, or has itself deposited a new one, either devised at the time from observation of local characteristics, or, in many cases, borrowed from the names of places in its own distant home, whose own *etyma* are hopelessly lost in the mists of antiquity:—

— Parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis  
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum  
Agnosco, Scaeque amplector limina portæ.

This is a mere indication of some of the perplexities which beset the subject, and which, without necessitating the hypothesis of such an absurd system of nomenclature in past ages as we have seen in our own day prevail in North America, are quite sufficient to confuse the wisest philologist. Mr. Ferguson has rushed in where Bopp and Pott have scarcely ventured to tread; but he is very far from being obnoxious to the charge of having done so in mere wantonness. As English philologists go, he is rather a favourable specimen. We have, generally speaking, three classes of them. There is the old school, which refuses to look at any of the new lights, and is perfectly content with the etymological standard of Johnson and Ainsworth—with, however, a more decided bias than either in favour of tracing everything up to Hebrew. A certain Mr. Crawford, who disports himself in the *Transactions* of the Philological Society, will serve as a typical instance. There is the omnivorous class, which swallows everything linguistic that comes in its way, and is subsequently afflicted by horrible philological nightmares, of which Mr. Forster's *One Primeval Language* is perhaps the most appalling

example. A third (and this the largest) sits down contentedly at the feet of Dr. Donaldson, and accepts with implicit faith the remarkable propositions of his *New Cratylus* and *Varro-manius*. Now in justice to Mr. Ferguson, we must say that he has emancipated himself from subservience to any of these three sections, and that he shows intelligent familiarity with the names and writings of the great masters of the Science of Language. He does not even fall into the not unusual blunder of treating every German philologist as of equal authority; for we have noticed that he scarcely ever speaks of Mone without dissenting from his eccentric theories, though we are not at all sure that he has fully appreciated the preternatural crotchettiness of the *Keltische Forschungen*.

But while Mr. Ferguson has been industrious enough in noting isolated facts adduced by Bopp and Grimm as illustrations of particular laws, he does not appear to have assimilated their scientific process. Here and there he shows evidence of an element of practical common sense which might usefully check the vagaries of ingenious theory. He observes that it is hardly safe to say that a given name of a river is descriptive of some peculiarity of its current or course, unless such peculiarity is actually to be noted in its physical geography. He points out the curious way in which an old name crops up again, and ousts a later pretender, as we have seen ourselves in the revival of the Indian name Toronto—the best example of which law in his book is the restoration of the ancient Sauconna in the modern Saône, to the prejudice of the intermediate term Arar. Here are two good ideas, either of which, carefully followed up, would have enabled him to give us a more useful book than he has done. He might have given us a tabular conspectus of the different names applied to the same rivers at various periods of their history, or portions of their course; or he might have thrown more of physical geography into his statistics, and enabled us to judge for ourselves of the probability of certain descriptive *etyma*, or of their fitness in cases where there can be no doubt of their derivation. But he has, it seems to us, judged less happily, and has attempted to classify all the chief river-names of Europe under various general heads. In very many instances there is no objection to be made to his *etyma*, as they are often fully established and received; but there is a considerable residuum for which he has nothing to give us but the vaguest conjecture, and in which we feel no reliance on his process. There are two bye-laws, if not absolute statutes, of Comparative Philology, which he does not appear to have mastered, or, at any rate, to have had always before his mind. The first is, that no conclusion can be drawn from casual resemblances in the words of two languages of different stocks. Yet, he frequently adduces Finnish, Magyar, and Siberian names as confirmatory of some theory based on Sanskrit or Celtic ones, forgetful that neither a Ugrian nor a Samoyedic vocable can be of the least value in illustrating an Aryan one. To do him justice, he has only once fallen into the Hebrew pitfall, which has trapped so many philologists; and here it is a German, Fürst, who has led him astray. It is the attempt to connect the name Ahava, mentioned in Ezra viij. 15, 21, with the Sanskrit root *ap*, Gothic *ahva*, water. Mr. Ferguson does not seem altogether satisfied with it; and if he had remembered Gesenius's suggestion, that the region Adiabene, watered by the Adiava, was intended, he would have been still less so. The other law which he appears to forget is that which rules that identity of form in words of two dialects which employ a different phonetic system is a proof of diversity of meaning and derivation. A good case in point has been quoted before. No two names at first sight look more like one another than the Greek Theodoros and the Gothic Theodoric. Nothing would seem more plausible than that the second was a mere adjectival form of the first. Yet suspicion would be induced in a philologist's mind by his knowledge that Greek and Gothic do not use the same system of letters, and he would soon find the second word resolve itself into Diet-rich, "King of the nation," instead of "Gift of God." We have in this book words classed together because of an apparent similarity of their structure and meaning which would be speedily dissipated by the application of Grimm's law. So, too, he sometimes omits to recognize a very obvious fact in search of something more remote. Thus he connects the German *tilgen*, "to overthrow," with the Welsh *dihau*, "a flood," without noticing that the latter is obviously the Latin *dihuvium*, naturalized in the Principality by the ecclesiastical readers of the Vulgate. Again, he derives the name of the Indian river Mahanuddy from *mih*, "to flow," while it seems evident enough that *mahat*, "great," is the first part of the word, and that the compound simply means "great stream." He is entitled to the credit of having made a point against Grimm in the etymon of the name Medway, which that eminent scholar makes to be *meadoweage*, "horn of mead." Mr. Ferguson appositely points out that there was a river Medoacus in Venetia, where there was no German element in the population, and a reference to the customs of Valhalla not to be expected.

Although we do not rise from the perusal of the *River-Names of Europe* with any sense of positive progress in the scientific investigation of their origin, yet we are far from thinking that its author has not performed a useful task. Very many of his *etyma* are, as we have said, unimpeachable; and for the rest, it is convenient to have so many names grouped together in a manner which does much towards facilitating future labours in the same field. His conjectures, if not always based upon sufficient data, have the combined merits of ingenuity and industry, and the further one of being simply and

\* *The River-Names of Europe*. By Robert Ferguson. 8vo. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.



tersely expressed. As he has not committed himself to any wild theories of race or language, these qualities are not likely to be perverted, and we have little doubt that when he has added exactness in the application of laws to the vocables with which he deals, he will yet make some important contributions to the growing science of language.

## GUIDE-BOOKS.\*

THE Murray Handbook has grown to be a settled institution among Englishmen. Its advertisements fill half a column of the *Times*. It is the regulation badge, along with the attendant opera-glass, of the English tourist abroad. The anxious *propretaire* borrows it from under your arm, and is desolated if he finds his own hotel left unnoticed or damned with faint praise, while the opposition house is handed down to the posterity of tourists as "excellent; capital *table d'hôte*." On quitting the far-famed *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, you are encountered by this announcement, staring at you from an opposite wall; *Musée Perrot: John-Murray Recommand.* Opening the guide-book, you become aware that on the other side of that wall is a private collection of antiquities, briefly described as "small, though rich." Three words of recommendation, and no more; but therein lies the charm. In three words "John-Murray," can immortalize; and M. Perrot naively writes on his wall that he is penetrated with that truth. Nor is it only in the imagination of foreign hotel-keepers and showmen that the great publisher reigns supreme as first of guides. More is attempted, and far more is achieved, in Murray than in any rival publications. Certain sections of the undertaking—we may instance the greater part of the *Handbook for Syria and Palestine*, and Ford's *Handbook for Spain*—are written by men of remarkable ability and wide knowledge. And there is probably not one of the volumes of which it may not be said with truth that it is often a pleasant companion, and, occasionally, a really serviceable referee.

Entertaining sentiments like these, we shall not be accused of unfriendly bias in pointing out certain striking inaccuracies to be found in that portion of the *Handbook for France* which treats of Provence. It is part of the editor's plan to prefix an introductory essay to the detailed account of each great division of his subject, furnishing a general survey of the character of the region to be described. It is clear that a paper of this kind should be prepared with the utmost care, as the space will not admit of many qualifying sentences, and a false impression may easily be conveyed in a few words, not affecting one isolated place alone, but a whole district and a considerable population. A recent visit to the South of France, in one of the hottest months of the year, and during a remarkably dry season, enables us to say that the "Preliminary Information" to Section VI. is very far from giving a fair description of that beautiful country, or a just account of its pleasant inhabitants. Instead of helping one across the threshold, the writer seems to have been disposed to bar his reader from it, by stirring his prejudices and rousing his worst fears. The general look and condition of the landscape during summer is thus painted, not indeed by the editor himself, but by a writer whose words he incorporates with approval into his own text:—

After Nice, the austere South of France, silent, burnt up, shadeless, and glaring, with houses all closed, showed the misery of a hot climate, while in Italy its luxury had struck us. The sun had bleached everything, and the atmosphere was thickened with the perpetual dust of habitual drought, for here it is said not to rain during seven months in the summer. The roads were of a dusky, buffy white; the farm-houses, built of materials nearest at hand, of the same colour; roads, soil, houses, men, trees, animals, all partaking of the same hue of universal dust, as the caterpillar does of the leaf on which it feeds. Now and then parched and scanty grass sprang up among the clotted earth, and long-legged sheep were feeding anxiously upon it in the scorching sun, without a single tree of shelter. All the inns, however miserable, have large *remises*, to afford coolness and shade during the middle of the day for travellers and horses.

With regard to the statement that rain is sometimes absent for "seven months in summer," to say nothing of the inherent absurdity of such a rumour, it is virtually contradicted by the editor himself on the same page, where he says that "in many years not a drop of rain falls in June, July, and August." In other words, the absence of rain during three months, instead of seven, is the exception rather than the rule. And, during the present season, after a continuous drought of only two months, we found the Rhone unusually low, and the weather spoken of as drier and hotter than the average. If the country was once actually studded with *remises*, one to every inn, "however miserable," those interesting relics of bygone civilization are now no longer to be seen, excepting in just such numbers as suffice for the carts which may belong to the landlord's farm, or the *calèche* or two which he can afford to keep. The editor presently appeals the expectant tourist by a harrowing passage about mosquitoes:—

Another plague of the South of France is the mosquitoes, *cousins*, or *souchérons*, which, to an inhabitant of the north, unaccustomed to their venomous bite, will alone suffice to destroy all pleasure in travelling. They appear in May, and last sometimes to November; and the only good which the miscal effects is, that it modifies the intensely hot air of summer, and represses, momentarily, these pestilential insects. They are not idle by day, but it is at night that the worn-out traveller needing repose is most exposed to the excruciating torments inflicted by this cruel insect. Woe to him who, for the sake of coolness, leaves his window open for a minute; attracted by the light, they will pour in by myriads. It is best to be stifled by the most oppressive heat than to go mad. Even closed shutters and a mosquito curtain

(*cousinère*), with which all beds in good inns are provided, are ineffectual in protecting the sleeper. A scrutiny of the walls, and a butchery of all that appear, may lessen the number of enemies; but a single one effecting an entry after closing the curtains and tucking up the bed clothes with the utmost care, does all the mischief. The sufferer awakes in the middle of the night in a state of fever, and adieu to all further prospect of rest. The pain inflicted by the bites is bad enough, but it is the air of triumph with which the enemy blows his trumpet, the tingling, agonizing buzzing which fills the air, gradually advancing nearer and nearer, announcing the certainty of a fresh attack, which carries the irritation to the highest pitch.

The pain and swellings usually last for several days, and there is no remedy but patience. The state of the blood at the time, however, considerably modifies or increases the amount and duration of suffering. It is said to be the female only which inflicts the sting. Mosquitoes, of course, are not peculiar to the South of France; but there the traveller from the north will probably first encounter them, and it is necessary that he should be prepared.

The venom of a recently inflicted mosquito bite is traceable in every line of this formidable warning. It very nearly deterred us, as it must have deterred great numbers of our countrymen, from exploring the "garden of Provence." What a force of horrid anticipation is concentrated into those few words—"they are not idle by day!" So, then, one will be unable even to examine the Roman amphitheatres, and temples, and baths, and aqueducts of that wonderful region, without keeping up a perpetual sentry against these terrific invaders, looking out for an inscription with one eye, and for a mosquito with the other. This will never do, reflects the uneasy tourist, especially as the agonizing suspense of daytime is to be exchanged at night only for a condition of more active hostility, involving a "scrutiny of the walls, and a butchery of all that appear." One's zeal about classical antiquities grows feebler by degrees. We are tortured into a singular apathy towards the Eternal City, and the finest remaining monuments of its provincial grandeur. Better Switzerland and peace than a hundred Amphitheatres of Nîmes with the mosquito.

The traveller who, notwithstanding, continues to hanker after the South, and who is compelled to go either in the summer or not at all, may be in some measure reassured by a brief record of our own experience. It was something, on reaching so low a point as Avignon in the middle of July, to find that there were no signs of mosquito-curtains on the beds, and that the inhabitants generally wore a composed and cheerful appearance, as if they were expecting nothing unusual or unpleasant. Upon inquiry we found that the enemy was certain not to appear at all until the second or third week in August, thus taking three months off the period of misery described in the *Handbook*. His attacks, when he really shows himself, were spoken of as a decided nuisance; but his numbers have been almost as much overstated as the killed and wounded in the telegram of a Federal victory. At Orange, within twenty-five miles of Avignon, not a single mosquito appeared last year. At Nîmes and Arles they were by no means numerous. Still it was not without serious apprehension at first that we "left our window open for a minute," while a light was burning in the room. Habit, however, soon dispelled the alarms of the guide-book; and night after night, during a remarkably hot July, and almost on the sea-board of the Mediterranean, we neglected, with entire impunity, every precaution of espionage and slaughter suggested by the sanguinary editor. It should be added that the *mistral*, a N.W. gale, described as "one of the scourges of Provence," but a momentary relief from "these pestilential insects," did not exert itself for good or evil during a single hour of our stay, so that the exemption which we enjoyed from their stings is not to be explained away into a puff of wind. Doubtless, by the middle of August things are changed for the worse; but, to take the account of the *Handbook*, we ought to have found July intolerable. In order to let off his discharge against the mosquito with the more telling effect, the writer cheerily adds that the scorpion is not uncommon in Languedoc and Provence, and that such a thing has been known as that a specimen should be brought in with the firewood, and find its way to the folds of the bed-curtains or sheets. Instances of bites are admitted to be "very rare indeed;" and as for the mention of the scorpion at all, it would be just as reasonable, in writing a *Handbook* for England, to announce that there are rats in the country, and that it is not absolutely impossible that one may wake you by scampering over your face at night.

The least trustworthy passage of all remains, relating to the inhabitants of the South:—

The character of the people appears influenced by the fiery sun and soil, which looks as though it never cooled. Their fervid temperament knows no control or moderation; hasty and headstrong in disposition, they are led by very slight religious or political excitement, on sudden impulses, to the commission of acts of violence unknown in the North. They are rude in manner, coarse in aspect, and harsh in speech, their patois being unintelligible even to the French themselves, not unlike the Spanish dialect of Catalonia. From the loudness of tone and energy of gesture, they appear always as though going to fight when merely carrying on an ordinary conversation. The traveller who happens to fall into the hands of the ruffianly porters at Avignon will be able to judge if this be an exaggerated picture.

This is a bit of gratuitous injustice, for which it seems hard to account. The towns of the South were notoriously the scenes of commotion at the time of the Revolution, but their worst excesses were no more than the echo of the Parisian trumpet-call. The patois, affirmed to be unintelligible to the French themselves, is by no means unintelligible to an Englishman able to converse in French. Many of the words are queer, and queerly accented; but it may safely be asserted that a Londoner, possessing a fair gift in French, would find less difficulty in understanding the dialect of Vaucluse or the Bouches du Rhône than that of Derby-

\* *Handbook for France*. Murray.

shire or Yorkshire. For the "ruffianly porters of Avignon" we looked, and looked in vain. But neither at Avignon nor at any other point of our route were we ever disappointed, in conversing with the ordinary people, of finding a charming pleasantness and friendliness of manner, more constant, more spontaneous, and more genuinely polite than the manner of the Parisian French.

This chapter of "Preliminary Information" about Provence, and several inaccuracies in the detailed descriptions besides, show how thoroughly a traveller's impressions may be swayed by accident. Almost every one who has travelled at all knows how easy it is for one's remembrance of a place to be coloured by the hotel, the kind of night one passed on first arriving, the bill, or the part of the town in which the inn stood. Doubtless the writers of Handbooks are not exempt from the shocks of common life any more than other men. But they should take particular care to weed their chapters from the venomous growths of unpleasant memories. It seems especially unfair to take revenge for a mosquito-bite by allotting them on paper three months' more sojourn out of Hades than is their due, and by branding a set of inoffensive and singularly good-natured people, who might, by the way, have been just bitten too, with the name of "ruffianly porters." Let us add, in conclusion, a hint on the subject of new editions—a matter of very great importance to tourists. However freely correspondents may pour in *corrigenda* by private letter, two or three years are amply sufficient to damage certain portions of the detailed information. To mention an isolated instance—we found that one hotel specified in the Handbook had been closed for ten years past. Numberless passages, also, have been clearly written in a hurry, and might, with great advantage, be retouched.

#### ACCENT AND QUANTITY.\*

THIS tract, in which the author starts many more questions than he answers, seems to be a stray paper from the *Philological Society's Transactions* published by itself. The subject of English hexameters and the subject of accent and quantity are neither of them new, but the world is so little agreed about them that there seems to be plenty of room for discussing them for some while to come. Mr. Cayley writes in a manner at once so abrupt and so technical that it is not always easy to catch his meaning. But he raises some points which people are apt to forget. One of his objects is to dispute the proposition that "modern versification depends on accent only, as the ancient depended on quantity." In doing this, he reminds us of a truth which is often neglected—namely, that in many English words there is a distinction of long and short, quite independent of the accent. He also reminds us that the way in which Englishmen read Greek is no more according to the Greek quantity than it is according to the Greek accent, but according to some third standard, which is much easier to recognise than to define, but which Mr. Cayley calls the "Latin accent." Neither of these remarks is wholly new, and both are obvious enough on a little thought; but the importance of the two to the questions at issue does not seem to have been thoroughly weighed. We do not pretend to say how much either of them proves, but surely each of them must prove something. In attempting to reconcile accent and quantity, we are met on the very threshold by unaccented long syllables, and by accented short syllables. How are we to pronounce such a word as *ἀνθρώπος*? The modern Greek makes short work of it by saying *ἀνθρωπος*; the Englishman makes equally short work of it by saying *ἀνθρώπος*. But, unless a great deal of trouble was taken for nothing, the sound of *ἀνθρώπος* must have been something different alike from *ἀνθρωπος* and from *ἀνθρώπος*. Accent and quantity must have both been regarded at once, unless we fall back on the theory that two systems co-existed, that men talked by accent only, and recited verses by quantity only. That men spoke by accent in set speeches is plain from the story of Demosthenes purposely misaccentuating the word *μισῶτος*, in order that the whole audience might correct him, and, in so correcting him, apply the word to *Æschines*. The story is unlikely, and even silly, but it proves just as much as if it were certainly true. It shows that *μισῶτος*, *μισῶτος*, and *μισῶτος* could be three distinct sounds, while an Englishman makes no difference among them, sounding all like *μισῶτος*. Mr. Cayley reminds us that we have words in our own language, like *gründfäther*, *hoischēper*, which are exactly like *ἀνθρώπος*, having a penult at once long and unaccentuated. This certainly proves the physical possibility of saying *ἀνθρώπος* in such a way as to regard both accent and quantity. But it leaves unexplained the far greater difficulty, how to pronounce *σοφία* without making the *o* long. And, if we can completely triumph over both, the utmost that we can flatter ourselves that we have reached is a correct prose utterance; the mysteries of versification still lie beyond us. Again, it is certain that in the received way of reading Greek verse we do not, as we profess to do, really follow quantity, but a system of our own, as purely accentual as that of the modern Greeks, but following laws of accentuation of its own. To take the most well-known instance of all, in reading the first two lines of the *Iliad*, we make something very like two false quantities, by saying, *θέα*, where accent and quantity alike demand *thēa*, and by saying *οὐδόμενῃ*, where quantity asks for *οὐδόμενῃ* and accent for *οὐδόμενῃ*. In fact,

we hardly recognise a mispronunciation as a false quantity, unless it be what, according to our scheme of accentuation, is also a false accent. We all of us pronounce the *a* in *mānus* and the *o* in *dōmus* as if they were long; many people pronounce *spiritus* and *flūus* as if they were *spirritus* and *flūius*; we have heard old-fashioned people sound the *o* in *πόλις* just like the *ω* in *πῶλος*. And this last must have been Porson's pronunciation, or he would not, in the well-known story, have made *ὄν* rhyme to *Cicerone*. Now, nobody would call these false quantities—we hinted above that *thēa* was a false quantity, just to raise the question—but they show as little regard to any distinction of short and long as if one said *spiritus* or *Cicerōne*. The difference is that these last pronunciations involve a false accent. When a false accent (according to our system) is not involved, we are careless about quantity in ordinary reading; nay, we distinctly sacrifice quantity to our arbitrary rule of accent, when we say *οὐδόμενῃ* and *Μιτιάδῃ*—it being, to an Englishman at least, quite as easy to preserve the quantity by saying *οὐδόμενῃ* and *Μιτιάδῃ*. That we read purely by accent, and not by quantity, is shown by the fact that "scanning," which is making a much nearer approach to reading by quantity, is something quite different from our ordinary reading, and something which is much less agreeable to our ears. It very rarely happens that the "scanning" of an hexameter and the "reading" are the same. In iambs, especially pure iambs—Catullus' "*Phælus ille*," for instance—the two more often agree, but the agreement breaks down as soon as we come to a dissyllable with the first short. There is no difficulty in

Phælus ille, quem vidētis, hōspitēs,

but we begin to get wrong in the next line—

Ait fuisse navium celerissimus.

The scanning requires "*ait*," but our system of accentuation makes us read *ait*. The line,

Opus foret volare, sive lintes,

is worse. *Opus foret*, should be two iambs, and we read them as two trochees. It is in this metre that we really feel the difficulty. So many of the lines in this poem are, like the first, perfect English Alexandrines, that we are disappointed when any one is not. *Ait*, indeed, hardly troubles us, because to begin an accentual iambic line with an accentual trochee is an allowed license. But when it comes to *opus foret*, which we read *opus foret*, we at once feel that something breaks down. In hexameters, and even in other iambs, we feel no such disappointment, because we have a rhythmical system of our own, depending on accent, which we expect the verse to satisfy. This is especially the case, as Mr. Cayley observes, in the third line of the *Alcaic stanza*.

Deprōne quadrimum Sabīna

is, as he says, the ideal form of the verse, thoroughly satisfying the ear, which

Si frātus illabātur orbis

does much less perfectly. In fact, the verse, to be perfect, while *quasi*-iambic by quantity, should be anapestic by accent. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the ear alone would care but little for a false quantity unless it was also a false accent. We know that *mānibus* and *mānibus* are different. We should be offended at a wrong quantity in either; but we should not feel physical pain, we should not shriek and yell, as we should if anybody said *manibus*. The well-known verse—

Conturbabantur Constantinopolitani—

contains an undoubted false quantity; but, as it does not affect the accent, it is not really felt—it has to be thought about.

Our own mode of reading Greek is, then, essentially accentual, though following a different system of accentuation from that followed by the modern Greeks. Our system is so thoroughly accentual that to read purely by quantity (as in scanning) offends the ear. Yet it is certain that we do not wholly disregard quantity. We compose Greek and Latin verses with strict regard to it, though, when we have composed them, we read them, not by quantity, but by accent. If we, then, contrive to reconcile quantity in some degree with our accentual system, it is quite possible that there may be some way of reconciling it with another accentual system. To take one of the crucial instances; in such a line as

Διογενὺς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ,

most people read *Laertiadē*, making a manifest false quantity, no less than the modern Greek *Laertiādē*. So with *οὐλομένην*, *Μιτιάδῃ*, and scores of words, where we sacrifice both the quantity and the written accent to an accentual system of our own. Yet we find a sort of rhythm in the verses as we read them; it is not possible, therefore, that there may be a real rhythm in Homeric verses read by the written accent, though we do not perceive it for want of practice? Certainly, one system of accentuation departs nearly as widely from the quantity as the other.

Mr. Cayley calls our mode of reading Greek reading it by the Latin accent. And this is undoubtedly true. But our examples have shown that the Latin accent is hardly more observant of quantity than the Greek accent. In both languages, accent and quantity have somehow to be reconciled. The reconciliation must have been as delicate a process in one as in the other. Words like *satiētas*, *audierant*, in Latin, present the same difficulty as *Μιτιάδῃ* and *οὐλομένην* in Greek. The Greek and the Latin systems of accentuation throw the accent in such words on different syllables, but both throw it on syllables where, according to our pronuncia-

\* Remarks and Experiments on English Hexameters. By C. B. Cayley, R.A. Berlin: Asher & Co. 1863.



tion, it destroys the quantity. As both languages decayed, quantity gradually died out, and accent alone was regarded. And here comes in the fact that the later Greek words were adopted into Latin with their Greek accentuation, however repugnant to Latin rule—*Maria, Sophia, Arius, Basilus, Herodotus*, not *Mária, Arius, &c.*, as they would have been at an earlier stage. Even *παράκλητος* becomes in Latin *Paráclitus*. "Sancto simul Paráclito," &c., occurs in hymns where quantity is strictly regarded. Either Greek had decayed faster than Latin, or Latin organs, still capable of reconciling the opponent principles in their own language, failed to do so in a foreign tongue. The truth seems to be that we read both Greek and Latin, not by quantity but by accent, only we read Greek, not by the Greek accent, but by the Latin; that, both in Latin and Greek, the accent and the quantity do not agree, only in Latin we are, from familiarity, less aware of the difference, and contrive, in a rough way, to reconcile them to some extent; that, when both languages were in their perfection, either there was some more complete system of reconciliation which we have now lost, or else accent and quantity were two different ways of reading—one for common talk and the other for music. Which of these two last alternatives is the true one is the great problem.

These, and a good many other questions, are all started by Mr. Cayley's paper. Another also arises as to the "English hexameter." Is not the real fault of English hexameters a confusion between reading and scanning, as defined above? It is not always clear where the accent is to come. In Mr. Cayley's own hexameters, read as one would read prose, we get no hexameter at all.

There's none among mortals, now-a-days, could make a resistance, can only be made into a hexameter by such an odd accentuation as

There's none among mortals, now-a-days, could make a resistance.

Mr. Cayley will doubtless say that he means them to go by quantity, not by accent—that he means them, like Latin verses, to be read and not scanned. But though there certainly is such a thing as quantity in English, it is hardly perceptible enough to make it the groundwork of a system of versification; and after all, as we have shown, our reading of Latin verse is really accentual. The purely "accentual hexameter," where reading and scanning agree, may come by use to be no stranger than such dactyls as

Hail to the chief that in triumph advances;

but it does seem to us that the "classical hexameter"—where, to get any metre at all, we must put our accents in what in common reading we should call wrong places—can never be reconciled to English ears. We shall never believe that

Glisteneth or raiment gorgeous with fiery vermeil

is English metre of any kind.

#### MR. M'GHEE ON THE JESUITS.\*

IF Mr. M'Ghee had confined himself to the 138 pages which contain part of M. Cretineau-Joly's sixth volume of the *History of the Company of Jesus*, and his Preface, we should only have had to say that the translator has spoilt a work of more than average merit by very slovenly translation. There are broken sentences, stops in impossible places, spellings—such as *Belisarius*, semi-Palagian, Lemberg and Lemborg, Sineo della Torre and Seneo della Torre, Tarnapol, Tarnopol, and Tarnapole used indiscriminately, Father Girard, a Cordelier, turned a few lines after into M. Cordelier—which can only be called illiterate. There are mere vulgarisms, such as, "The Roman Catholic Church was placed in a comparative subordinate relation," "they accepted of joy or sorrow with equal submission," and the like; and not a few clusters of words which we suppose to be intended for sentences because they are bounded by full stops at either end, but of which it passes our capacity to make head or tail. To be sure, one can occasionally see, through the slipshod translation, what the original probably was; as, e.g., when we read in the very first sentence that "scarcely had the Society of Jesus been reconstituted in the Catholic world, when it found itself again banished from the empire which had been its second cradle from the cares of the Empress Catherine and Paul I." In strictness, of course, this is pure nonsense; but one gets an inkling that the former "from" stands for *de*, and the latter for *per*—little differences that did not trouble the translator—and so, by a rather circuitous process of induction, one gets at the sense at last. Had the translator or editor, whichever he be, confined himself to these outrages on the literary reputation of M. Cretineau-Joly, we should have had little else to do than to request him in future to print the original in parallel columns with the translation; so that, with the help of the former, an ordinary reader might have a chance of understanding the latter.

The work itself, apart from its translation, is a fair, perhaps a favourable, specimen of Roman Catholic historiography. The writer tells us, with much straightforwardness and evident good faith, that the Jesuits excited the jealousy of the Greek popes and bishops, and especially of the Russian University of Wilna—narrating, with amusing simplicity, how Alexander's too susceptible heart was weaned from its first spiritual love by the charms of a

certain Dr. Steinkopff and the Bible Society, and went astray after a naughty dream of constructing a sort of Evangelical Alliance among all the creeds of Christendom, with himself at the head of it. "Alexander," he says, "knew that the Jesuits would never consent to this Utopia" (a rather unnecessary piece of information, by the way), and expelled the Order from his dominions accordingly. That he did it, on the whole, with kindness and consideration, is attributed by the author to his fears:—

Some fathers had been, against their will, honoured by the confidence of Catherine II. They knew all the family details during the reign of Paul I., which it is as well to bury in oblivion. The Jesuits had been made the depositaries of all the family secrets, and they had rendered services to him which kings themselves are not sufficiently ungrateful to forget.

So—

The Jesuits allowed themselves to be exiled by the son of Paul I., and they took the road of exile without evoking a vengeance which it would have been so easy for them to obtain.

That the Society was originally welcomed by Catherine because it was able very materially to assist her views upon Poland, and perhaps, also, because its views as to the venality of royal *faux-pas* are occasionally those of a convenient liberality—that, after the treaty of Vienna had been signed, Alexander thought himself able to manage Poland without them (rather prematurely, as passing events bear witness) and found them making themselves a little too much at home in "Holy Russia"—are considerations which never seem to have crossed the thoughts of simple-minded M. Cretineau-Joly. With much the same simplicity and (quite unconscious) one-sidedness, he traces the revival of the Order—after a good deal of amusing dodging and underhand work of several sorts—at Rome, in Austria, and in England and Ireland. He tells us, with pardonable pride, the share it had in the establishment of the Belgian kingdom, and the way in which it has compensated the Swiss Cantons for their Alpine climate by a perennial supply of theological hot water. The whole story is told in the complacent velvety language that is familiar to the readers of Cardinal Wiseman, with an air of profound and honest innocence that sits rather awkwardly on the Cardinal, but is inimitably refreshing in M. Cretineau-Joly. He does not ignore, he is simply ignorant of—or, after Herodotus's fashion, *ἰσὺν ἰσχυρότατα*—all the facts of the case that might chance to interfere with the rose-coloured view of the "Company of Jesus" that is habitual to him. If a Pope goes right, it is *ecce bonus pastor*. If a Pope goes wrong, it is that *bonus dormitat Homerus*, or, as he would probably prefer to say, the Vicar of Christ is "asleep in the ship"—the abiding comfort being that, somehow, the General of the Jesuits never is asleep, and never does go wrong. When M. Cretineau-Joly's book is worthily translated we may have a little more to say of it—of the damaging complaint that the historian of the Order, in collecting his materials, meets with a good deal of "prudent reserve" from some parties, and "base chicanery" on the part of others, and of the fatal admission, in almost every page, that the Order is always least liked where it is best known. At present we content ourselves with a pleasant extract giving the author's view of "Puseyism":—

According to the Tracts, and to their other polemical or dogmatic writings, the Puseyite party started from this fundamental point—that the old Reformers were men of relaxed tendencies, and that they, on the contrary, obliged themselves to be as exact in dogma as in discipline. They said to the Anglicans, "Maintain the creed of Athanasius, and all the doctrines of baptism; make no compromise with the spirit of the age through evil report and good; never compromise your obligations; never forget the duties that since your regeneration in Christ by holy baptism you have contracted with the Church. The Church ought never to be dependent upon the State; but its alliance is an honour to the State. Revive the discipline which has fallen into disuse; rekindle in the minds of men the memory of those virtues which our Church has unhappily neglected to foster, but which it has never lost. Observe the days of abstinence and the feasts of the saints; submit yourselves to the rubric; open your temples, and our Church will then appear what she really is—pure Apostolic; and rejecting the doctrinal corruptions as well as the superstitious, if not even idolatrous, practices of the Church of Rome, her unhappy sister—practices clearly reprobated by antiquity, to whose testimony we appeal with respect." Such, then, were the primitive doctrines of the Puseyites.

The whole passage (some four or five pages) is well worth reading, as containing the view of the great Anglican movement taken by an intelligent man *ab extra*. The converts of the last twenty years will hardly thank the author for representing them by "Doctors Sibthorp, Grant (?), Scuger (possibly Seager), and many others;" and Dr. Pusey will be a little surprised to find that in his sermon on *The Holy Eucharist*, he "recognised the dogma of transubstantiation, as the Church declares it." But he will be more surprised (and we hope not a little consoled) to hear that "300,000 copies of the sermon were sold." 300,000 shillings, or such a proportion of them as the author's share amounts to, is, we fancy, a sum for which he would be glad to sell the copyright of all his writings put together.

But we must pass on to that part of the work before us for which Mr. M'Ghee is more immediately answerable—the "supplemental notes and comments;" and as nine-tenths of our readers, while tolerably well acquainted with the reputation of M. Cretineau-Joly, have, in all probability, not the faintest idea who his commentator is, we begin by answering the not unnatural question, Who is Mr. M'Ghee? Were it not for useful Mr. Crockford's *Directory*, we should have been almost as ignorant on this subject as the rest of the world. We have just a vague recollection of his name, in connexion with those of Mortimer O'Sullivan, "Charlotte Elizabeth," Lord Roden, and the set of Irish speechmakers and pamphleteers who, thirty years ago, set afloat a literature (oral and written) which combined, in curious infelicity, the post-

\* *The Poor Gentlemen of Liège: being the History of the Jesuits in England and Ireland for the last Sixty Years.* Translated from their own historian, M. Cretineau-Joly. Edited, with Preface and Supplemental Notes and Comments, by Rev. J. R. M'Ghee, M.A., Rector of Holywell-cum-Needlingworth. Part First. London: John F. Shaw & Co.

prandial eloquence of an Orange Club with the unctuous snuffle of the more sectarian sort of evangelicalism. This Irish mixture was called "Protestant Ascendancy," or "True Blue;" and its effect upon English nerves was such that the Irish Church was only saved from extinction by the slightly more repulsive "blether" of O'Connell on the other side. Crockford, who obligingly gives every clergyman an opportunity of advertising his performances gratis, informs us that Mr. M'Ghee, after gaining at Trinity College whatever distinction may be implied in the words "Class prems. and certificates"—we do not learn that he was either scholar or fellow of the College—betook himself to this particular kind of Protestantism with extreme energy. *The King and the Church Vindicated and Delivered*, an address to the House of Lords, with a solemn appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury; *The Last Stand for the Church*, a letter to the deans, archdeacons, and clergy of Ireland; *Speech Delivered to the Electors of the University of Dublin, to prove the Establishment of the Papal Laws in Ireland; Laws of the Papacy set up by the Roman Catholic Bishops to subvert the Authority of their Lawful Sovereign in Ireland, &c. &c.*, are among the titles of a dozen or more works of the sort which probably amused the world and edified the elect in their day, though we do not discover that any of them reached a second edition. Happily for the Irish Church, a new generation has arisen, represented by such men as Archer Butler, Dr. Todd, Mr. Woodward of Fethard, Bishop Stopford, the late inestimable Primate, and the like—people whose aim it has been to do a little more and "spout" a little less. Pop-guns like those we have mentioned have lost their force; the 12th of July is now only a day of rejoicing for glaziers; and the result is visible in the altered tone of the recent Parliamentary debates. Happily also, Mr. M'Ghee, after taking his "last stand for the Church," and remaining in that position as long as he considered it personally expedient to do so, betook himself to England and Exeter Hall, and subsided several years ago into a good living in the patronage of the Duke of Manchester; and we have only heard of him of late as a sort of receptacle for Lord R. Montague's "Letters" and miscellaneous spare stationery.

Whether piqued at being turned into a waste-paper basket, or desirous to furnish up his old pamphlets afresh, Mr. M'Ghee has thought proper to add to the injury he has done M. Cretineau-Joly by his queer translation, by swamping him, fore and aft, with twenty-three pages of preface and one hundred and thirty-six of notes, besides peppering the text all along with amenities such as the following:—"The notes (to the Irish Bible) teem with intolerance and treason;" "the silent stealthy movements of that body are like the noiseless tread of the tiger as he steals to spring on his prey;" "here it is demonstrated that the whole Repeal movement in Ireland was the work of the General of the Jesuits, and that O'Connell, the bishops, and the priests were their tools" (the unfortunate sentence that "demonstrates" this being the rather harmless assertion that the separation of the Jesuits in Ireland from those in England "promised to produce fruitful results"); "whenever they volunteer the profession of any apparent good, it is merely a cloak to cover the evil exactly opposite;" "there are certain historians who ought proverbially to have good memories," and the like, *ad nauseam*. What imaginable enemy he hopes to conquer, or what friend to warn, by these *florae literarum*, Mr. M'Ghee must be the best judge. Our own feeling is simply that, if the Jesuits did all the good that is reported of them in the text, and if nothing more reliable can be said against them than is stated in this writer's notes, the work is so well calculated to serve their cause—if only there were any chance of its being read—that we could imagine the book written by one of the order.

Into his "notes and commentaries" we simply decline to enter. They remind us of nothing so much as a school playground on the morning after a fifth of November, with its spent squibs, disembodied crackers, blackened cases of extinct Roman candles, and an unpleasant smell of burnt powder all around. In one hundred and thirty-six pages we at least expected some contradiction of M. Cretineau-Joly's facts, or some correction of his inferences. Nothing of the sort is to be found. Long quotations from Nicolini, a Mr. Grinfield, Mr. Steinmetz, and weary twaddle of his own composition, fill up the dreary pages; and the chief effort of his logic is expended in showing that for the whisky-shops within convenient distance of the Roman Catholic chapels, and for the temporary success of Father Matthew's crusade against whisky-drinking, the Jesuits are alike responsible.

Once he diverges into poetry (which we spare our readers); and once he tells a story. Here it is:—

This reminds me of a story told here by a dear and venerable friend, the late Lord Mountsford. He was paying a visit to those remarkable recluses, Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby, at their cottage in Wales. A tenant of one of them, I think of Lady E. Butler, had come from the vicinity of Clongowes to solicit some favour from this lady, shortly after the establishment of this College. She said:—

"I hear you have got a number of religious gentlemen in your neighbourhood?"

"Indeed we have, my lady."

"I suppose they do a great deal of good to all the people there?"

"Indeed they do a great deal, my lady."

"I have no doubt you get a great deal of spiritual comfort from them?"

"Oh! the devil a drop of that at all, please your ladyship."

The stupid verbiage of all this, the silly tuft-hunting, the sheepish mock-modesty that cannot put in print the true aboriginal Irish "divil," and the incredible dullness that fails to see how the story tells against the teller, are beyond our powers of appreciation.

And here we take leave of Mr. M'Ghee in his own opening

words:—"We cannot present this translation to the public without anticipating, with not unnatural sympathy, the sentiments of indignation which must pervade the breast of every honest Englishman when he shall have arrived at its conclusion." A more entirely trashy book it has never been our lot to review; but we must qualify the statement by adding that we never had the misfortune to read any other of this gentleman's productions.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN 1838, M. Cournot published, under the title *Recherches sur les Principes Mathématiques de la Théorie des Richesses*, a small volume containing an application of the laws and signs of mathematics to the great problems of political economy. At that time, however, general attention had not been directed, as it has been since, to questions of that nature; and, consequently, M. Cournot's brochure failed to obtain the notice which it deserved from the originality of some of its views and the importance of the subject itself. During the last twenty-five years, the various bearings of political economy have been brought prominently under public notice; popularity has surrounded what was formerly considered as a dry and unattractive subject; and accordingly M. Cournot has thought that the moment was an opportune one for producing in an extended form, and with less of scientific appearance, his *Recherches sur les Principes de la Théorie des Richesses*.<sup>\*</sup> The first book, entitled *Des Richesses*, includes general considerations on political economy. M. Cournot begins by remarking that man entertained the notion of property before he had that of wealth; and he accounts for this by saying that the science of law was cultivated and brought almost to perfection at a time when that of political economy was still unknown. He then proceeds to determine the proper place of political economy in the circle of the sciences. In a special chapter he reviews the various categories of riches, and suggests the necessity of applying to the solution of economic problems the "theory of equivalents," which has been so successfully introduced into chemistry. In M. Cournot's second book, which treats of money, he recommends the establishment of a *monnaie de compte*, which will serve to measure the variations of metallic currency. Some of the most difficult questions connected with this subject are discussed in the third book, entitled *Système Économique*. We can only allude now to the chapters bearing upon taxes and loans, population and labour, and wages. It is in this part of his volume that M. Cournot has more especially applied the mathematical form of demonstration to the elucidation of the difficulties with which he deals. Finally, under the title of *Optimisme Économique*, we find a review of the chief systems proposed by philosophers who have directed their attention to political economy, and a clever critique of the views of some modern theorists.

The editor of Sanson's memoirs has produced, under the "sensation" title, *Le Livre Rouge, Histoire de l'Échafaud en France*†, a large quarto volume, which contains fifty biographies and portraits of remarkable persons who, on account either of their crimes or of their virtues, have suffered capital punishment. This volume is divided into eleven categories, and consists of short notices, written with care, by a number of literary men of repute. We wish we could say that the illustrations are equal in merit to the letter-press. A work of such pretensions should have been embellished with really artistic portraits, engraved on steel, and forming by their ensemble a gallery of masterpieces; whereas the woodcuts prefixed to each notice, however correct they may be as likenesses, are too coarsely executed to please the most inexperienced judge.

M. Raymond's book, inscribed *aux marins de la France*‡, comprises a series of essays on the navies of England and France, some of which have already appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The preface to the work extends over fifty pages, and is devoted to an illustration of the two following positions:—1. Since 1815, France has constantly been developing its navy, and applying to naval architecture and engineering all the resources of scientific discovery. 2. England has alternately depreciated and exaggerated, according to the vicissitudes of politics, the maritime forces of her neighbours. Our author next proceeds to examine the causes of the recriminations of the English against the French navy. The last fifty years, he asserts, by altering completely the most elementary conditions of ship-building, and by allowing less to the skill of mere sailors, has brought about a state of rivalry in which England does not retain her old superiority. From Austria, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Holland she has, as yet, nothing to anticipate; but she looks with suspicion across the Channel, and, according to M. Raymond, her unjustifiable fears make her lay down very singular theories. It is, he says, certain that, 1st. The French navy is still inferior, as far as numbers go, to the English; and that, 2nd. The military resources of the United Kingdom have been developed to an extent which is, comparatively speaking, quite as great as in France. The second chapter, entitled "The Last Days of Sailing Ships," is devoted chiefly to a survey of the improvements introduced by Admiral Lalande in the French navy. Two points form the sub-

\* *Recherches sur les Principes de la Théorie des Richesses*. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Le Livre Rouge, Histoire de l'Échafaud en France*. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie. London: Nutt.

‡ *Les Marins de la France et de l'Angleterre*. Par X. Raymond. Paris and London: Hachette.



ject of the third essay on "Steam Ships"—1. The superiority of the screw as a propelling power over the paddle-wheel, which, of course, is now universally acknowledged; and, 2. The priority of invention of the engine itself, which M. Raymond assigns to his fellow-countrymen. The question of floating batteries and iron-plated ships next engages M. Raymond's attention. From the evidence supplied by English engineers, he contends that the quality of iron used on the Continent is superior to that employed amongst ourselves; and, after drawing a parallel between the Armstrong and the Whitworth guns, he pronounces in favour of the latter, asserting that they are mere imitations of the French system. And yet, in spite of the superiority which, as he conceives, French ships and guns have over the English, he considers that England has, on the whole, the advantage as a maritime nation, because it possesses to the highest extent the three elements which are equally indispensable to the vitality of naval institutions—viz. 1, money; 2, industrial resources, already sufficiently developed; and, 3, a population of sailors adequate to the wants of the community. M. Raymond's seventh chapter points out the immense benefits which have accrued to the English navy from a free and constitutional system of government. In the eighth and last, he shows how the arbitrary organization known under the name of *inscription maritime*, which determines the composition of the French Imperial navy, cripples the maritime trade of the country, and diminishes the inducements which would have attracted to the service a large number of efficient and courageous men.

M. Edouard Fournier combines the learning and patience of an archaeologist with the literary tastes of a poet. Not only has he delineated the early history of the French stage, but he has made it the subject of a comedy; and in his play entitled *Cornille à la butte Saint Roch*, we hardly know whether we should most admire the elegance of the versification or the erudition embodied in the notes. The book he now presents\* us with is devoted to the biography of another man of genius, and may be considered a most interesting and curious contribution to what is still a great desideratum—a life of Molière. So little, indeed, is known about the author of *Le Misanthrope*, that every new fact we are able to collect respecting him sounds like an episode in some novel, and that is the reason why M. Fournier may legitimately entitle his little work *Le Roman de Molière*. Properly speaking, this designation applies only to the first chapter in the book, which treats of Molière's *affaires de cœur*, and which shows how the best scenes in his comedies are merely the echo of his passion now for Mademoiselle Béjard, now for Mademoiselle Du Parc, now for Mademoiselle de Brie. The Eraste of the *Dépit Amoureux*, when he quarrels with Lucile and then gets reconciled to her, is Molière. Gros-René scolding Marinette is Molière likewise. Valère, in *Tartuffe*, reminds us of the great comic author; and the scene between Cléonte and Lucile in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was a faithful representation of certain domestic feuds about which scandal has said too much. The second chapter of M. Fournier's volume contains several details respecting Molière taken from the journal kept by La Grange, his friend and fellow-player. It would seem that the present members of the *Théâtre Français* are contemplating the publication *in extenso* of this and other similar documents which they have in their possession. For all the details referring to the administration of Molière's troupe, La Grange is the most faithful guide, and can be implicitly trusted. We pass over the next section, treating of the few relics or mementoes which time has handed down to us of Molière. The fifth chapter is an amusing narrative of the share taken by him in the ludicrous quarrel of the rolls (*pain mollet*)—a quarrel which assumed such extraordinary proportions that the magistrates and the clergy themselves were divided into *pain-molletistes* and *antipain-molletistes*. Finally, we have a chapter on the imitations of Molière's plays made by English authors, such as Fielding, Shadwell, and Dryden.

Old Paris has now disappeared for ever; and the sweeping measures of Baron Haussman have consigned to destruction all the memorials so picturesquely described by M. Victor Hugo in his *Notre Dame de Paris*. The greater, therefore, the need for preserving in print some record of these antiquities; and M. Fournier's volume will on this account be highly valued, we doubt not, by archaeologists and antiquaries.† His book is divided into eleven sections, each referring to one of the innumerable exhibitions or public performances which used to take place, on one pretext or another, in the streets and public places of Paris. The corporations and trade-guilds occupied amongst these a prominent situation. Bakers, goldsmiths, grocers, and drapers had their several rules, privileges, badges, and festivities, celebrating the days of their respective patron saints with ceremonies of the most gorgeous description, contending amongst themselves for the place of honour in processions and on other state occasions, and not unfrequently disturbing the public peace by their quarrels. The best-known performances connected with these guilds, or *confréries*, were the feasts of the Innocents and of the Fools, peculiar to the choristers, clerks, and priests of the metropolitan church of Notre Dame. The corporation of the Basoche forms the subject of M. Fournier's second book. The Basoche, originally a mere association of the law clerks, had not been constituted with a view to dramatic exhibitions. It was

only by degrees that they assumed this privilege; and after having practically applied it to satirical exhibitions of the judges, barristers, solicitors, attorneys, and other forensic bigwigs, they assumed the organization of a *bond fide* company of players, protected by an edict of King Louis XII., and licensed to give dramatic performances at stated periods, either at the Pré aux Clercs or on the marble table of the Palais de Justice. The *Sots* and the *Enfants sans souci*, whose history is examined next by our author (chapter 3rd), were rival associations which originated probably from the success obtained by the Basoche, and which soon rose to equal celebrity. Forming in the beginning two distinct communities, they appear to have been amalgamated in course of time; and the dramatic troupe known under the name of the Hôtel de Bourgogne was constituted from elements supplied by this fusion. Previous, however, to Basochians, Fools, and Devil-may-care Boys, we find the strolling *jongleurs*, minstrels, and *Trouvères*. From the earliest period of mediæval history these wandering rhapsodists are to be met going from castle to castle, from town to town, paying the hospitality which was granted them by reciting long passages of favourite tales, and entertaining their hearers with the high deeds of Charlemagne or the adventures of Lancelot du Lac. The history of these minstrels is related in M. Fournier's fourth chapter. An account of the performance of Mysteries (v.), and of the most celebrated Paris fairs (vi.) then follows; a distinct chapter is reserved for mountebanks, operators, and quack-doctors (vii.), and another is given to those open-air dentists who, adopting the principle of *utile dulci*, combined with their surgical operations the delivery of gross buffoonery, and sometimes of downright abuse. Under the title of *les farceurs de la rue*, we have next an amusing biography of Gaultier-Garguille, Turlupin, and their associates—the dangerous exploits of rope-dancers being reserved for the last.

Those who followed with interest the first manifestations of the modern French school of speculation cannot fail to remember George Sand's metaphysical-religious novels. Written under the influence of M. de Lamennais' teaching, *Spiridon*, amongst other books we might name, was a remarkable expression of the state of the public mind thirty years ago; and after so long an interval we have now a fresh work on the same subject by the same writer. *Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*\* which appeared originally in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is designed as a kind of refutation of M. Octave Feuillet's *Sibylle*, likewise published in M. Buloz's review. In its present form it is accompanied by a preface on which we may say a few words. George Sand has not the intention, she says, of describing the struggle between faith and atheism, or of pitting sincerity against hypocrisy. Freedom of discussion has killed atheism; hypocrisy has disappeared before the progress of public morality. But the religious problem remains in all its force; it must be solved in one way or another; and even the least thoughtful person cannot help, at some period of his life, under the pressure of disappointment or misfortune, finding himself face to face with the startling question, "Where am I going?" M. Octave Feuillet, the novelist remarks, is perfectly satisfied respecting these momentous topics with the decisions of the Church, and it is against those decisions that *Mademoiselle de la Quintinie* is designed as a protest. But there is another subject which George Sand considers as even more important than questions of belief—we mean the existence of Roman Catholicism as a political power. Under present circumstances, the *parti clerical* in France is at a discount, and therefore it puts on the air of martyrdom. If ever another system of politics should prevail, and place authority once more in the hands of the clergy, it will be seen that they have not abandoned the slightest of their pretensions, and that they will oppose as strenuously as ever the most elementary manifestations of liberty and political progress.

After having examined as carefully as we could the volume published by *Mané*, under the title *Paris effronté*†, we are still at a loss to understand the connexion between the book itself and the illustration which introduces it. From the very *décolleté* character of the vignette, we expected to find behind it the adventures of old Dame Rigolboche, at the very least; but no! the *effrontés*, in whose company we are thrown are M. de Morny, M. Renan, and Father Lacordaire! *Mané*, as the clever *feuilletoniste* of the *Indépendance Belge* signs himself, has collected together another set of his amusing chit-chat on Paris life; and amidst a number of anecdotes which are characterized by much genuine *esprit*, we find critiques of new publications, and other details worthy of being noted by those who deal with the history of contemporary literature.

In our last monthly notice we said a few words of M. Ernest Feydeau's new tale, and of the apology for realist literature which introduced it. The author of *Fanny* did not think that three closely-printed volumes were too much to illustrate his favourite æsthetic hobby, and he devoted what may be called a trilogy to the adventures of the unfortunate Barberine. *M. de Saint Bertrand* and *Le Mari de la Danseuse*‡ are the last two episodes of the story which was ushered in by *Un Début à l'Opéra*. M. Feydeau, who piques himself so much on his talent for observation, and on the care he displays in studying from life, seems at all

\* *Le Roman de Molière*. Par E. Fournier. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

† *Tableau du vieux Paris. Les spectacles populaires et les artistes des rues*. Par V. Fournel. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

\* *Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

† *Paris effronté*. Par Mané. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

‡ *M. de Saint Bertrand*.—*Le Mari de la Danseuse*. Par E. Feydeau. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

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